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THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN FICTION.

Ever since Sydney Smith sneered at American books a hundred years ago, honest critics have asked themselves if the literature of the United States was not really open to the charge of provincialism. Within the last year or two the argument has been very much revived; and an English critic, Mr. Edward Garnett, writing in "The Atlantic Monthly," has pointed out that with our predigested ideas and made-to-order fiction we not only discourage individual genius but make it possible for the multitude to think only such thoughts as have passed through a sieve. Our most popular novelists, and sometimes our most respectable writers, see only the sensation that is uppermost for the moment in the mind of the crowd,— divorce, graft, tainted meat or money,— and they proceed to cut the cloth of their fiction accordingly. Mr. Owen Wister, a "regular practitioner" of the novelist's art, in substance admitting the weight of these charges, lays the blame on our crass democracy which utterly refuses to do its own thinking and which is satisfied only with the tinsel and gewgaws and hobbyhorses of literature. And no theme has suffered so much from the coarseness of the mob-spirit in literature as that of the Negro.

As a matter of fact, the Negro in his problems and strivings offers to American writers the greatest opportunity that could possibly be given them to-day. It is commonly agreed that only one other large question, that of the relations of capital and labor, is of as much interest to the American public; and even this great issue fails to possess quite the appeal offered by the Negro from the social standpoint. One can only imagine what a Victor Hugo, detached and philosophical, would have done with such a theme in a novel. When we see what actually has been done,— how often in the guise of fiction a writer has preached a sermon or shouted a political creed or vented his spleen,— we are not exactly proud of the art of novel-writing as it has been developed in the United States of America. Here was opportunity for tragedy,

for comedy, for the subtle portrayal of all the relations of man with his fellow man, for faith and hope and love and sorrow. And yet, with the Civil War fifty years in the distance, not one novel or one short story of the first rank has found its inspiration in this great theme. Instead of such work we have consistently had traditional tales, political tracts, and lurid melodramas.

Let us see who have approached the theme, and just what they have done with it, for the present leaving out of account all efforts put forth by Negro writers themselves.

The names of four exponents of Southern life come at once to mind,— George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, and Thomas Dixon; and at once, in their outlook and method of work, the first two become separate from the last two. Cable and Harris have looked toward the past, and have embalmed vanished or vanishing types. Mr. Page and Mr. Dixon, with their thought on the present (though for the most part they portray the recent past), have used the novel as a vehicle for political propaganda.

It was in 1879 that "Old Creole Days" evidenced the advent of a new force in American literature; and on the basis of this work, and of "The Grandissimes" which followed, Mr. Cable at once took his place as the foremost portrayer of life in old New Orleans. By birth, by temperament, and by training he was thoroughly fitted for the task to which he set himself. His mother was from New England, his father of the stock of colonial Virginia; and the stern Puritanism of the North was mellowed by the gentler influences of the South. Moreover, from his long apprenticeship in newspaper work in New Orleans he had received abundantly the knowledge and training necessary for his work. Setting himself to a study of the Negro of the old regime, he made a specialty of the famous — and infamous — quadroon society of Louisiana of the third and fourth decades of the last century. And excellent as was his work, turning his face to the past in manner as well as in matter, from the very first he raised the question propounded by this paper. In his earliest volume there was a story entitled "'Tite Poulette," the heroine of which was a girl amazingly fair, the supposed daughter of one Madame John. A young Dutchman fell in love with 'Tite Poulette, championed her cause at all times, suffered a beating and stabbing for her, and was by her nursed back to life and love. In the midst of his perplexity about joining himself to a member of another race, came the word from Madame John that the girl was not her daughter, but the child of yellow fever patients whom she had nursed until they died, leaving their infant in her care. Immediately upon the publication of this story, the author received a letter from a young woman who had actually lived in very much the same situation as that portrayed in "'Tite Poulette," telling him that his story was not true to life and that he knew it was not, for Madame John really *was* the mother of the heroine. Accepting the criticism, Mr. Cable set about the composition of "Madame Delphine," in which the situation is somewhat similar, but in which at the end the mother tamely makes a confession to a priest. What is the trouble? The artist is so bound by circumstance and hemmed in by tradition that he simply has not the courage to launch out into the deep and work out his human problems for himself. Take a representative portrait from "The Grandissimes":

> Clemence had come through ages of African savagery, through fires that do not refine, but that blunt and blast and blacken and char; starvation, gluttony, drunkenness, thirst, drowning, nakedness, dirt, fetichism, debauchery, slaughter, pestilence, and the rest — she was their heiress; they left her the cinders of human feelings. . . She had had children of assorted colors — had one with her now, the black boy that brought the basil to Joseph; the others were here and there, some in the Grandissime households or field-gangs, some elsewhere within occasional sight, some dead, some not accounted for. Husbands — like the Samaritan woman's. We know she was a constant singer and laugher.

Very brilliant of course; and yet Clemence is a relic, not a prophetess.

Still more of a relic is Uncle Remus. For decades now, this charming old Negro has been held up to the children of the South as the perfect expression of the beauty of life in the glorious times "befo' de wah," when every Southern gentleman was suckled at the bosom of a "black mammy." Why should we not occasionally attempt to paint the Negro of the new day — intelligent, ambitious, thrifty, manly? Perhaps he is not so poetic; but certainly the human element is greater.

To the school of Cable and Harris belong also of course Miss Grace King and Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, a thoroughly representative piece of work being Mrs. Stuart's "Uncle

'Riah's Christmas Eve." Other more popular writers of the day, Miss Mary Johnston and Miss Ellen Glasgow for instance, attempt no special analysis of the Negro. They simply take him for granted as an institution that always has existed and always will exist, as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, from the first flush of creation to the sounding of the trump of doom.

But more serious is the tone when we come to Thomas Nelson Page and Thomas Dixon. We might tarry for a few minutes with Mr. Page to listen to more such tales as those of Uncle Remus; but we must turn to living issues. Times have changed. The grandson of Uncle Remus does not feel that he must stand with his hat in his hand when he is in our presence, and he even presumes to help us in the running of our government. This will never do; so in "Red Rock" and "The Leopard's Spots" it must be shown that he should never have been allowed to vote anyway, and those honorable gentlemen in the Congress of the United States in the year 1865 did not know at all what they were about. Though we are given the characters and setting of a novel, the real business is to show that the Negro has been the "sentimental pet" of the nation all too long. By all means let us have an innocent white girl, a burly Negro, and a burning at the stake, or the story would be incomplete.

We have the same thing in "The Clansman," a "drama of fierce revenge." But here we are concerned very largely with the blackening of a man's character. Stoneman (Thaddeus Stevens very thinly disguised) is himself the whole Congress of the United States. He is a gambler, and "spends a part of almost every night at Hall & Pemberton's Faro Place on Pennsylvania Avenue." He is hysterical, "drunk with the joy of a triumphant vengeance." "The South is conquered soil," he says to the President (a mere figure-head, by the way), "I mean to blot it from the map." Further: "It is but the justice and wisdom of heaven that the Negro shall rule the land of his bondage. It is the only solution of the race problem. Wait until I put a ballot in the hand of every Negro, and a bayonet at the breast of every white man from the James to the Rio Grande." Stoneman, moreover, has a mistress, a mulatto woman, a "yellow vampire" who dominates him completely. "Senators, representatives, politicians of low and high degree, artists, correspondents, foreign ministers, and cabinet officers hurried to acknowledge their fealty to the uncrowned king, and hail the strange brown woman who held the keys of his house as the first lady of the land." This, let us remember, was for some months the best-selling book in the United States. A slightly altered version of it has very recently commanded such prices as were never before paid for seats at a moving picture entertainment; and with "The Traitor" and "The Southerner" it represents our most popular treatment of the gravest social question in American life! "The Clansman" is to American literature exactly what a Louisiana mob is to American democracy. Only too frequently, of course, the mob represents us all too well.

Turning from the longer works of fiction to the short story, I have been interested to see how the matter has been dealt with here. For purposes of comparison I have selected from ten representative periodicals as many distinct stories, no one of which was published more than ten years ago; and as these are in almost every case those stories that first strike the eye in a periodical index, we may assume that they are thoroughly typical. The ten are: "Shadow," by Harry Stillwell Edwards, in the "Century" (December, 1906); "Callum's Co'tin': A Plantation Idyl," by Frank H. Sweet, in "The Craftsman" (March, 1907); "His Excellency the Governor," by L. M. Cooke, in "Putnam's" (February, 1908); "The Black Drop," by Margaret Deland, in "Collier's Weekly" (May 2 and 9, 1908); "Jungle Blood," by Elmore Elliott Peake, in "McClure's" (September, 1908); "The Race-Rioter," by Harris Merton Lyon, in the "American" (February, 1910); "Shadow," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan, in "Everybody's" (March, 1910); "Abram's Freedom," by Edna Turpin, in the "Atlantic" (September, 1912); "A Hypothetical Case," by Norman Duncan, in "Harper's" (June, 1915); and "The Chalk Game," by L. B. Yates, in "The Saturday Evening Post" (June 5, 1915). For high standards of fiction I think we may safely say that, all in all, the periodicals here mentioned are representative of the best that America has to offer. In some cases the story cited is the only one on the Negro question that a magazine has published within the decade.

"Shadow" (in the "Century") is the story of a Negro convict who for a robbery committed at the age of fourteen was sentenced to twenty years of hard labor in the mines of Alabama. An accident disabled him, however, and prevented his doing the regular work for the full period of his imprisonment. At twenty he was a hostler, looking forward in despair to the fourteen years of confinement still waiting for him. But the three little girls of the prison commissioner visit the prison. Shadow performs many little acts of kindness for them, and their hearts go out to him. They storm the governor and the judge for his pardon, and present the Negro with his freedom as a Christmas gift. The story is not long, but it strikes a note of genuine pathos.

"Callum's Co'tin'" is concerned with a hard-working Negro, a blacksmith, nearly forty, who goes courting the girl who called at his shop to get a trinket mended for her mistress. At first he makes himself ridiculous by his finery; later he makes the mistake of coming to a crowd of merrymakers in his working clothes. More and more, however, he storms the heart of the girl, who eventually capitulates. From the standpoint simply of craftsmanship, the story is an excellent piece of work.

"His Excellency the Governor" deals with the custom on Southern plantations of having, in imitation of the white people, a Negro "governor" whose duty it was to settle minor disputes. At the death of old Uncle Caleb, who for years had held this position of responsibility, his son Jubal should have been the next in order. He was likely to be superseded, however, by loud-mouthed Sambo, though urged to assert himself by Maria, his wife, an old house-servant who had no desire whatever to be defeated for the place of honor among the women by Sue, a former field-hand. At the meeting where all was to be decided, however, Jubal with the aid of his fiddle completely confounded his rival and won. There are some excellent touches in the story; but, on the whole, the composition is hardly more than fair in literary quality.

"The Black Drop," throughout which we see the hand of an experienced writer, analyzes the heart of a white boy who is in love with a girl who is almost white, and who when the test confronts him suffers the tradition that binds him to get the better of his heart. "But you will still believe that I love you?" he asks, ill at ease as they separate. "No, of course I can not believe that," replies the girl.

"Jungle Blood" is the story of a simple-minded, simple-hearted Negro of gigantic size who in a moment of fury kills his pretty wife and the white man who has seduced her. The tone of the whole may be gleaned from the description of Moss Harper's father: "An old darky sat drowsing on the stoop. There was something ape-like about his long arms, his flat, wide-nostriled nose, and the mat of gray wool which crept down his forehead to within two inches of his eyebrows."

"The Race-Rioter" sets forth the stand of a brave young sheriff to protect his prisoner, a Negro boy, accused of the assault and murder of a little white girl. Hank Egge tries by every possible subterfuge to defeat the plans of a lynching party, and finally dies riddled with bullets as he is defending his prisoner. The story is especially remarkable for the strong and sympathetic characterization of such contrasting figures as young Egge and old Dikeson, the father of the dead girl.

"Shadow" (in "Everybody's") is a story that depends for its force very largely upon incident. It studies the friendship of a white boy, Ranny, and a black boy, Shadow, a relationship that is opposed by both the Northern white mother and the ambitious and independent Negro mother. In a fight, Shad breaks a collar-bone for Ranny; later he saves him from drowning. In the face of Ranny's white friends, all the harsher side of the problem is seen; and yet the human element is strong beneath it all. The story, not without considerable merit as it is, would have been infinitely stronger if the friendship of the two boys had been pitched on a higher plane. As it is, Shad is very much like a dog following his master.

"Abram's Freedom" is at the same time one of the most clever and one of the most provoking stories with which we have to deal. It is a perfect example of how one may walk directly up to the light and then deliberately turn his back upon it. The story is set just before the Civil War. It deals with the love of the slave Abram for a free young woman, Emmeline. "All his life he had heard and used the phrase 'free nigger' as a term of contempt. What, then, was this vague feeling, not definite enough yet to be a wish or

even a longing?" So far, so good. Emmeline inspires within her lover the highest ideals of manhood, and he becomes a hostler in a livery-stable, paying to his master so much a year for his freedom. Then comes the astounding and forced conclusion. At the very moment when, after years of effort, Emmeline has helped her husband to gain his freedom (and when all the slaves are free as a matter of fact by virtue of the Emancipation Proclamation), Emmeline, whose husband has special reason to be grateful to his former master, says to the lady of the house: "Me an' Abram ain't got nothin' to do in dis worl ' but to wait on you an' master."

In "A Hypothetical Case" we again see the hand of a master-craftsman. Is a white boy justified in shooting a Negro who has offended him? The white father is not quite at ease, quibbles a good deal, but finally says Yes. The story, however, makes it clear that the Negro did not strike the boy. He was a hermit living on the Florida coast and perfectly abased when he met Mercer and his two companions. When the three boys pursued him and finally overtook him, the Negro simply held the hands of Mercer until the boy had recovered his temper. Mercer in his rage really struck himself.

"The Chalk Game" is the story of a little Negro jockey who wins a race in Louisville only to be drugged and robbed by some "flashlight" Negroes who send him to Chicago. There he recovers his fortunes by giving to a group of gamblers the correct "tip" on another race, and he makes his way back to Louisville much richer by his visit. Throughout the story emphasis is placed upon the superstitious element in the Negro race, an element readily considered by men who believe in luck.

Of these ten stories, only five strike out with even the slightest degree of independence. "Shadow" (in the "Century") is not a powerful piece of work, but it is written in tender and beautiful spirit. "The Black Drop" is a bold handling of a strong situation. "The Race-Rioter" also rings true, and in spite of the tragedy there is optimism in this story of a man who is not afraid to do his duty. "Shadow" (in "Everybody's") awakens all sorts of discussion, but at least attempts to deal honestly with a situation that might arise in any neighborhood at any time. "A Hypothetical Case" is the most tense and independent story in the list.

On the other hand, "Callum's Co'tin'" and "His Excellency the Governor," bright comedy though they are, belong after all to the school of Uncle Remus. "Jungle Blood" and "The Chalk Game" belong to the class that always regards the Negro as an animal, a minor, a plaything,—but never as a man. "Abram's Freedom," exceedingly well written for two-thirds of the way, falls down hopelessly at the end. Many old Negroes after the Civil War preferred to remain with their former masters; but certainly no young woman of the type of Emmeline would sell her birthright for a mess of pottage.

Just there is the point. That the Negro is ever to be taken seriously is incomprehensible to some people. It is the story of "The Man that Laughs" over again. The more Gwynplaine protests, the more outlandish he becomes to the House of Lords.

We are simply asking that those writers of fiction who deal with the Negro shall be thoroughly honest with themselves, and not remain forever content to embalm old types and work over outworn ideas. Rather should they sift the present and forecast the future. But of course the editors must be considered. The editors must give their readers what the readers want; and when we consider the populace, of course we have to reckon with the mob. And the mob does not find anything very attractive about a Negro who is intelligent, cultured, manly, and who does not smile. It will be observed that in no one of the ten stories above mentioned, not even in one of the five remarked most favorably, is there a Negro of this type. Yet he is obliged to come. America has yet to reckon with him. The day of Uncle Remus as well as of Uncle Tom is over.

Even now, however, there are signs of better things. Such an artist as Mr. Howells, for instance, has once or twice dealt with the problem in excellent spirit. Then there is the work of the Negro writers themselves. The numerous attempts in fiction made by them have most frequently been open to the charge of crassness already considered; but Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles W. Chesnutt, and W. E. Burghardt DuBois have risen above the crowd. Mr. Dunbar, of course, was better in poetry than in prose. Such a short story as "Jimsella," however, exhibited considerable

technique. "The Uncalled" used a living topic, treated with only partial success. But for the most part, Mr. Dunbar's work looked toward the past. Somewhat stronger in prose is Mr. Chesnutt. "The Marrow of Tradition" is not much more than a political tract, and "The Colonel's Dream" contains a good deal of preaching; but "The House behind the Cedars" is a real novel. Among his short stories, "The Bouquet" may be remarked for technical excellence, and "The Wife of His Youth" for a situation of unusual power. Professor DuBois's "The Quest of the Silver Fleece" contains at least one strong dramatic situation; but the author is a sociologist and essayist rather than a novelist. The grand epic of the race is yet to be produced.

Some day we shall work out the problems of our great country. Some day we shall not have a state government set at defiance, and the massacre of Ludlow. Some day our little children will not slave in mines and mills, but will have some chance at the glory of God's creation; and some day the Negro will cease to be a problem and become a human being. Then, in truth, we shall have the Promised Land. But until that day comes let those who mould our ideals and set the standards of our art in fiction at least be honest with themselves and independent. Ignorance we may for a time forgive; but a man has only himself to blame if he insists on not seeing the sunrise in the new day.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

A NOTEWORTHY EDITION OF MONTAIGNE.— PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF EMILE OLLIVIER.— GIFTS TO THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.— THE LATE MARCEL HÉBERT AND JOSEPH FABRE.— POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF STUART MERRILL.—"O. HENRY" IN FRANCE.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The war has interrupted the publication of a series of volumes which will be the delight of all lovers of Montaigne's essays. During the four closing years of his life, the famous moralist was engaged in preparing a new edition of his great work. His Paris publisher, L'Angelier, had sent him a set, in sheets, of the latest edition at that time, that of 1588; and on the margins and between the lines of these sheets, the philosopher penned numerous additions, modifications, and corrections, so that when he died in the autumn of 1592, the task was about completed, though he was unable to issue the new edition which he had contemplated. The publishing house of Hachette is now engaged in reproducing by photo-typography these precious sheets; the municipality of Bordeaux, of which town Montaigne was a citizen, is paying the expense; and the learned Professor Fortunat Strowski, of Paris University, is the responsible editor. Two volumes had appeared before the war broke out, and one more remains to be issued, when there will be three superb quartos of more than a thousand pages, each volume costing 250 francs.

During a recent sojourn in Bordeaux, I was able not only to admire this interesting publication, but, through the kindness of the polite archivist of the Public Library, M. Jean de Maupassant, I was permitted to examine at my ease the unique original copy, the very pages on which this master-mind labored and where all his ways as a thinker and even his strong penmanship may be studied in undress. When Montaigne died, M. de Maupassant tells me, these sheets were deposited by his widow with the monks of the convent of the Feuillants of Bordeaux, in whose church the author was buried. In order the better to preserve these loose sheets, the monks handed them over to a binder, who did what these vandals so often do, trimmed the edges, "in order to make a good job," as is always their excuse, with the usual result (which was almost a crime in this instance) that they destroyed many a word or parts of a word, and in some places even whole phrases, left by the rare pen of Montaigne.

The appearance of another work, though of a quite different nature from that just mentioned, has also been stopped by the war. I refer to the proposal to extract from the seventeen volumes of "L'Empire Libéral" (Paris: Garnier, 3 frs. 50 each), by the late Emile Ollivier, two volumes of "Personal Memoirs," in which would be given all the lighter and more anecdotic parts of the more extensive publication. Apropos of this undertaking, I have received from the widow of the last Premier of the Second Empire this history of the heavy task in which she participated with devotion and intelligence as amanuensis, counsellor, and collaborator:

> Immediately after the fall of his ministry, Emile Ollivier conceived the design of writing the history of the war of 1870, in order to justify his country from the calumnies of Germany. With this end in view, he made many notes and drew up a memento, which recorded hour by hour all the events of the crisis which precipitated the conflict. But after the Peace of Frankfort, the virulence of his enemies made it impossible for him to get a hearing for the truth and convinced him that the moment had not yet come to proclaim it. So it was not until 1894, at the age of

sixty-nine, that he decided to publish his first volume. The plan of the whole enterprise embraced the history of the Second Empire from 1848 and the question of the Nationalities from 1815. Interrupted several times in his labors by fatigue and sickness, he did not reach the year 1870 until 1909, when he was eighty, and until his subject already filled thirteen volumes. It was his intention to end the account with the events of September 4, 1870, that is, the advent of the present Republic. Unfortunately the description of the battle of Sedan, which he supposed he had written at the very beginning of the undertaking, could not be found among his papers after his death, and, though he had only sketched the occurrences of September 4, the final volume was published by me last year as he had directed.

But there are several instances where the war has been the indirect cause of gifts to the public art treasures of France. Let me cite one example of this which has come under my personal notice. M. Jean Jacques Olivier, who has written so many beautifully illustrated and learned studies on the French stage and who, I may say in passing, may lecture in the United States when the peace comes, has been prevented by ill health from taking any part in the struggle and has been forced to seek in Italy a milder climate than he could find in Paris. So, to show his love for his native land in the hour of her stress, he has parted with some of the best objects of his collections, and has just presented to the Comédie Française an oil portrait of the famous actor Le Kain (1728-78), by Rosslin, and seven *gouaches*, representing leading French actors of the last century in their favorite rôles, by Fesch and Whirsker, of whom M. Olivier writes me as follows:

Very little is known of these two artists, who were born in Bale. They painted on parchment the actors of their time, observing in their work the greatest accuracy of detail. In their miniatures, costume, movement, physiognomy, all are faithfully noted, so that their portraits are of great documentary importance. After depicting the stars of the French and Italian operas of Paris, and those of the Comédie Française, they crossed the Channel and made a whole series of portraits of Garrick. These portraits, for which the great actor sat, were engraved and published in a volume entitled "Les Grimaces de David Garrick."

By the way, in his home on the S. Maurizio, Venice, M. Olivier is now engaged in writing a monograph on Joseph Caillot and another on Mme. Dugagne, "two artists," he tells me, "who sum up the history of the Opéra Comique from 1762 to 1800, that is, the epoch of Philidor, Monsigny, Grétry, Dalayrac, etc."

Among recent deaths in France, I wish to speak of at least two,— that of the ex-Abbé Marcel Hébert and that of Senator Joseph Fabre. The first of these was one of those few broad-minded priests who have been brave enough to break with Rome. William James called his book, "Le Pragmatisme" (third edition, 1909), "a fairly instructive account"; and "Le Divin" he characterized "one of the ablest reviews of the general subject of religious philosophy which recent years have produced." Perhaps the fullest and most sympathetic sketch of Hébert's noble career is that given by his old friend, Abbé Albert Houtin,—"another heretic," one of his critics has designated him — in his notable book, "Histoire du Modernisme Catholique" (Paris; 1913). The latter possesses a long series of his unpublished letters, which will form the basis of a biographical notice of him, "which I shall publish when the peace comes," he writes me. In the meantime, perhaps the best short printed narration of his life, especially the literary side, is M. Félix Sartiaux's little article in the "Mercure de France" for April 1; while the following extract from a private letter to me from the former Abbé Alfred Loisy, professor at the College of France, seems to me the most satisfactory unpublished eulogy which I have seen:

With an open mind thirsting for knowledge, devoted by nature, good as the best passages of the Evangel, Hébert was a very remarkable educator, who inspired a body of young men with large and generous ideas. There, probably, is his greatest work, though his philosophic, artistic, and archæologic writings are of a high value. He was a man of the widest culture. Drawn towards the Church by a sentiment of lofty idealism, he left the ecclesiastic profession without renouncing this ideal to which he ever remained faithful. In fact, it may be truly said that he took this step in order that he might avail himself of this ideal with greater sincerity of purpose. A democrat and a socialist without being a party man, he loved the people and strove to enlighten them by lectures and newspaper articles, in order to lead them up towards those heights of the moral ideal without which life seemed to him devoid of sense and price.

In a word, Hébert was one of those supremely fine characters who adequately redeem the defects of our poor human nature. For example, so modest was he that after his death, when a Paris periodical wished to give his portrait, not a single photograph of him could be found even among the members of his family. Though not exactly a materialist, he felt bound by no sect. He asked that *in spe* ("I die in hope") be engraved on the urn which contained his ashes, for (his final heresy) he was cremated; and "these words," one of his friends remarked, "expressed his whole faith." Some of the most liberal and most distinguished thinkers of Paris attended his funeral, and it was a Monod who spoke at his tomb. The charm of his personality was extreme. One day in our American Ambulance at Neuilly, I was attending a wounded youth who had sat under Hébert's teachings, for during many years he was at the head of a famous priests' school at Paris, and who said to me with a full heart when he learned

of "the dear master's death," that "thoughts of him and of his precepts were *the* consolation of my cravings for the spiritual when I was in the nightmare of the trenches." Finally, he was the author of a half dozen or more able philosophical and religious volumes, and his great hero was Joan of Arc, "whom the Church slew and then resurrected."

But it was Joseph Fabre who was the modern French warden of the Maid of Orleans. Like Hébert, Fabre was one of those emancipated philosophical minds who have always been the charm of France and who know no sects or conventionalities. His ardent republicanism, his thirst to understand our American system, and his admiration for Washington (he devoted a volume to him, perhaps two) and others of our really great public men, drew him closely to those few Americans — perhaps, indeed, I was the only one — who crossed his modest threshold in the shadows of the stately trees of the Versailles park. The dominant passion of the intellectual life of this humble son of the French peasantry — his plain big-hearted old mother understood French but spoke only the *patois* of the Aveyron — was the glorification of his sister peasant of Domremy. Early in his career he began to write about her; he lectured about her; he introduced bills into Parliament, where he had been both deputy and senator, about her; and if the Catholic Church now fêtes her memory each year in Paris, though in a spirit quite contrary to that which he inculcated, it is indirectly due to his propaganda. This veritable cult for "the saint of Rouen" culminated in a sort of modern miracle-play, a musical-dramatic tragedy, which was given on two different occasions on the Paris stage in two different forms, and in fact was almost reproduced also at New York, the late Augustin Daly having once entered into negotiations with the author with this end in view, "for Ada Rehan is obsessed with the idea of portraying Joan of Arc." The affair finally fell through, but just for what reason I have forgotten, and the American public missed seeing and applauding a beautifully idealistic, a highly artistic, and a deeply patriotic piece. I may add that M. Joseph Hild, a distinguished member of the Paris bar and a warm friend of the late Senator, is now engaged in assorting his papers, and informs me that here too we may expect an interesting biographical memoir in due season.

A similar pious act is being performed with the papers of the late Stuart Merrill by his friends, M. Ferdinand Herold and M. Albert Mockel, the well-known Paris littérateurs. The latter writes me:

> I have nearly finished drawing up the bibliography of the poet's posthumous works, which I mean to publish, along with my study of him which appeared in the *Mercure de France* immediately after his death, in a small volume, where you will find, I think, the most interesting things to be a series of translation of poems in French prose not included in his "Pastels in Prose," some of which, though unsigned, are by Merrill himself, as I have just discovered. Then there is a translation in verse of a series of French poems and a translation in French of one of James Thomson's poems.

But the fame of another American man of letters who was far nearer being a genius than was Merrill has never, oddly enough, come within the ken of literary France. I refer to Sydney Porter. By way of explanation of this remark, I should state that Professor Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, is preparing a biography of "O. Henry" which will be ready for the press in the early autumn. I understand that it will be a rather complete exposition of the formative influences that entered into the life and work of this brilliant story-teller during his early years in North Carolina, together with a detailed study of the form and content of his writings. "He and I were intimate boyhood chums," Professor Smith once said to me, "and I find myself interested more than I can say in this development of a youthful genius whom everybody loved in his early years and whose memory we cherish with the utmost regard and affection." This forthcoming book, and Professor Smith's enthusiasm for his friend, led me to reflect on the fact — indeed, I asked myself if it *was* a fact — that "O. Henry" was utterly unknown in France, though the Paris National Library has on its shelves ten volumes of his fiction, one of which curiously enough appears to have reached its final resting place through the French dead-letter office. The other nine, I am assured, though I am tempted to question the correctness of this assertion, were bought by the library. When I expressed surprise that the very limited resources of this institution should be spent on an author so little appreciated, one of the librarians made this reply: "If O. Henry is not very well known in France, he deserves to be. We saw in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which contains annual supplements of literary criticisms, that this author stood very high in America. So we thought it would be interesting to enrich our collections by adding thereto his works; hence these purchases." But lest my own observations should be at fault, I have turned to several of my French literary friends, and I find that their opinion on this matter agrees exactly with my own. Thus, M. Schalck de la Faverie, of the National Library, says: "As far as I

am aware, this author is unknown in France"; while M. Henry D. Davray, the critic for English books of the "Mercure de France," is even more pronounced in his statement: "I do not know anything about O. Henry, have never seen any study of his work, or heard of any of his stories being translated into our language." The National Library also records the fact that none of "O. Henry's" stories has been translated and published in book form in France. I say translated *and published*, for I chance to know that one has been translated; and hereby hangs a rather curious tale.

The French translation rights of "Mr. Valentine's New Profession," first printed in September 1903, in "The London Magazine," were sold in June, 1909, to Mr. A. Foulcher, a French civil engineer, with literary tastes and a perfect knowledge of our language, who is now in the army. He writes me as follows from Lyons, where he is at present stationed:

"Mr. Valentine's New Profession," the only thing of O. Henry's I ever translated, has a rather queer history in so far as I am concerned. I sent the manuscript to several periodicals, all of which declined it. But it suited the taste of a clever but not overscrupulous well-known writer who made a scenic adaptation of it, of course without my consent or even knowledge; so that some five or six years ago, entering by chance the Vaudeville one fine evening, I had the pleasure of assisting at the performance of Mr. Valentine's feats in which of course I found neither glory nor profits. Mr. Valentine had once more changed his name, but he was the same man and played the same trick on the safe.

THEODORE STANTON.

May 1, 1916.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE HOUSE OF HARPER'S REMOVAL FROM FRANKLIN SQUARE in the near future, as announced by that century-old publishing house, will be an event of importance in the publishing world. It will be a centennial event, if it falls within the next calendar year, for it was in 1817 that the firm of J. & J. Harper first started in business in a little Dover-Street room not far from the present establishment bearing the Harper name. Fulton Street, Pearl Street, and Cliff Street were successively the scenes of these publishing activities of the Harpers, and the building now occupied by the firm dates from 1854, when, in consequence of a disastrous fire in December, 1853, work was started upon a fire-proof and up-to-date building, large enough for years of future growth, and as perfectly equipped as it was then possible to make it. For a brief moment, but no longer, the burnt-out partners had considered the advisability of not trying to imitate the phœnix, of abandoning the plan of rising from their ashes, of retiring on their already considerable fortune; then they were reminded of their sons and their sons' sons, and of the still remoter posterity to whom they owed it to hand on the business, and rebuilding began. A notable fact is it, in this connection, that not one member of the Harper family is to-day prominent in the management of the business. At least, no Harper is on the present Board of Directors. Up-town this old publishing house will move, like so many other similar firms within the last quarter-century, and the historic building in the square named, not from Benjamin Franklin, but from the merchant Walter Franklin, will echo no more to the tread of Mr. Henry Mills Alden, of Mr. William Dean Howells, of Colonel George Harvey, and of all the others who have for many or fewer years contributed to the success of the House of Harper. For further details of the firm's history the reader is referred to the rich volume of memories and anecdotes put forth four years ago by Mr. J. Henry Harper under the title, "The House of Harper."

* * *

A FAMOUS OLD DRAMATIC COMPANY, the Comédie Française, which had its beginning in the Theâtre de l'Hôtel Bourgogne (founded in 1552) and has even since, with a brief interruption in 1793, contributed to the amusement of Parisian play-goers, is said to be contemplating a visit to this country next season. Never before has the company gone on tour outside its native France, it is affirmed in emphasis of the importance and the high honor to us of the projected departure from custom. The Comédie Française is in effect a national institution, receiving an annual subsidy from the government and controlled by a governing board which in turn is supervised by government officials. Consequently its coming to our shores will be regarded as something akin to a national expression of friendship toward a sister republic. From individual members of this aggregation of talented actors we have had not a few visits, notably from Mounet-Sully, Coquelin, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt (but only after the latter's early severance of relations with the company). Though 1552 is given above as the date of the company's birth, it was not until 1680 that it assumed something of its present character, with royal recognition and a sounding name, "L'Hôtel des Comédiens du Roi entretenus par Sa Majesté." Nine years later it became the "Comédie Française," which it has since remained, though often referred to as the "Théâtre Français," since this historic playhouse (almost destroyed by fire eight years ago) is its home.

* * *

A PHILOLOGIST AND MORE THAN A PHILOLOGIST, a scholar keenly appreciative of the niceties of speech, especially in their literary application, and a noted teacher of the subjects that so deeply interested him, died suddenly at Washington, D. C., April 18. Professor James Morgan Hart, to whom reference is here made, has left to the world one book that deserves to rank among the more notable examples of personal reminiscence: it is his account of his German-student days at Göttingen, an inspiring narrative that has turned the steps of many a candidate for a degree made in Germany toward the old Hanoverian town famous

for its university and its sausages. After reading this book ("German Universities") any one interested in the writer, his character and his achievements, would do well to open next Mr. George Haven Putnam's "Memories of My Youth" at the ninth chapter, where is given an entertaining account of the young Princeton graduate as viewed in the intimacy existing between roommates in a strange land. Though a student of jurisprudence at that time, Hart soon transferred his affections to more liberal studies, and four years after winning his doctorate (J.U.D.) at Göttingen was teaching modern languages at Cornell. A little later he taught these and also English literature at the University of Cincinnati. In 1890 he was appointed to the chair of English language and literature at Cornell, in 1907 was made professor emeritus, and was still a resident of Ithaca when death overtook him in the southern city where he had been spending the past winter. Among his published works are "Essentials of Prose Composition," "Standard English Speech in Outline," and various German texts and other books edited or translated by him. He was born Nov. 2, 1839, at Princeton, N. J., where he received his A.B. in 1860, his A.M. three years later, also his L.H.D. in 1900.

* * *

THE BLUE PENCIL is a small implement, but its office is not a despicable one. Perhaps it even deserves to rank with the "very small helm" that turns the big ship, and with the "little member" that nevertheless "boasteth great things." As a ready and effective means of emphasis, a useful instrument for arresting a reader's attention, it is beyond praise. When your friend in a distant city sends you a newspaper containing some paragraph or short article he wishes you to read, how difficult it is to find this paragraph or article if it be only slightly marked with a hard lead pencil, as it commonly is. But if with one bold stroke of blue your friend has indicated what you are to read, how quickly that passage leaps to the eye! Reports of learned and other institutions, with many like pamphlets and documents, come to our desk with no helpful, time-saving blue-pencillings to show at a glance the significant features on which our comment is invited. Other reports and pamphlets and similar documents there are, far fewer in number, that come with careful markings of indigo hue to lighten the examiner's task. Latest among these judiciously marked publications is the Twelfth Annual Report of the Waterloo (Iowa) Public Library. Waterloo is not a large city, and its library might not be considered especially important among the hundreds, if not thousands, of libraries to which we should be glad to call attention if our space were unlimited; but with a few notable items made conspicuous in blue how can one refuse to recognize their significance? For example, Waterloo readers are awaking to the fact that there are interesting books outside the fiction class. They have borrowed, in the last year, nearly seven thousand more serious works and nearly three thousand five hundred fewer novels than the year before. There was a considerable gain in total circulation — far greater than the increase of books on the shelves, which is much more creditable than would have been the reverse. Reference-room work seems to have increased by about one-half. Our thanks to Miss Brace and her blue pencil!

* * *

POST-VICTORIAN LITERARY ANTICS are amusingly exhibited to view in "The End of a Chapter" (elsewhere noticed more fully) by Mr. Shane Leslie, who gravely declares that he has "witnessed the suicide of the civilization called Christian" and dedicates his book "to the memory of those who have died before the next chapter has begun." After Victoria the literature of her realm "passed from an Augustan age straight to that of brass. There was no intermediary age of silver." It was typical of this decadence, Mr. Leslie says, that after 1900 everybody pretended to have read Mr. George Moore, whom before that date everybody pretended not to have read. Under King Edward "Browning and Tennyson were dismissed as grandmotherly. The latter was sent to Coventry and the former to Boston. Swinburne was hailed as the only poet of his era, about twenty years after he had ceased to write good poetry." Mr. Chesterton came and in a scintillant but irritating style "smilingly stood Truth upon her head to explain the Universal Antipodes in which we all have our being." Mr. Bernard Shaw "may have had an artistic and a dramatic message to deliver, but he could not forego the cheapest advertisement of the prophet." But his vogue "endured until the futurists swept into undisputed mastery of the powers of topsyturvydom." In one pungent paragraph the author describes how, with the opening of the new century, "there was a cry for something wilder than Scott, for something more gloomy than the Brontës, for something more sexual than George Eliot. Dickens and Miss Austen were as forgotten as the Pentateuch. Even novelists who had begun writing in the Victorian age developed new and unexpected methods. Wells poured the laboratory, and George Moore the lavatory, into their books." Perhaps a sufficient note on all this is that it was written or at least conceived in the atmosphere of a military hospital, the writer being one of the victims of the Great War.

* * *

LANGUAGE-MAKING IN THE TRENCHES is one of the few purely intellectual and unsanguinary activities now going on at the battle-front. As was to have been expected, the French have shown themselves most expert and nimble-witted at this exercise, though the English Tommies are not far behind. The busy Berthas and Jack Johnsons, the whizz-bangs, crumps, and Archibalds have been made famous by the latter. A London "Evening Standard" writer calls attention to a number of ingenious and amusing French terms facetiously expressive of grim realities in trench warfare. To the "poilu," or unshaven warrior of necessarily rare recourse to the barber, his bayonet is, in expressive slang which we here translate, a turn-spit, also a knitting-needle; and in his sentimental

moods he calls it Rosalie. The bullets with which he feeds his rifle are styled sometimes chestnuts, sometimes plums. Flower-pot is the term for his cap, and the head it covers is a lemon (*citron*). When he runs (never away from the fight, of course) he "knits his legs"; and when coffee is served out to him he calls it juice. The regimental tailor is a prick-thumb, and the colonel is, familiarly, the colo. The now well-known term, Boche, which the Germans themselves have gravely decided, after a trial by court-martial, to be expressive of derision and contempt, the writer here quoted regards as apparently a "back-slang" corruption of Schwob, the Alsatian's colloquial designation for his German master. There was an old variation, "Alboche," which may have been a similar reversed corruption of "Schwalbe." In much of this language-making is to be seen the same euphemistic tendency that caused the ancient Greeks to call the Furies the Eumenides (the gracious ones), and to propitiate the powers of darkness with flattering names. *Autres temps, autres mœurs,* but ever the same human nature at bottom.

* * *

How one library disposes of its outworn books is explained by the Cedar Rapids librarian in her current Report, and her account may be usefully suggestive to others. Discarded literature of all sorts, both books and duplicate magazines, she sends to the local jail, where the police matron takes it in charge and distributes it among the occupants of the institution, "that they may read during their confinement. This is a harmless occupation, and it is much better than for these unfortunates to brood over their condition and become embittered." Well said; and one cannot but hope that now and then some well-chosen book may help the reader to persuade himself, with Lovelace, that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage, though he may lack the innocent and quiet mind of the poet. It is significant that volunteer workers among the millions of war prisoners now eating the bread of enforced idleness report that one of the most pressing demands on the part of these millions is for food for the mind rather than for the body. Magazines, newspapers, almost anything cheerfully distracting in the way of reading matter, they eagerly welcome. Undoubtedly the Y. M. C. A. organization that is now active in this prison work could make good use of much more literature of a suitable kind than it has at its disposal.

* * *

Mortality among magazines is so great that it might be supposed to discourage any and all attempts to start new ventures in this field in the future. But it will not. "Live and learn" is the rule in magazine-making as elsewhere. Mr. Macgregor Jenkins, publisher of "The Atlantic Monthly," recently told the members of the Woman's Club of Englewood, N. J., some rather startling facts concerning magazine-publishing. Less than a year ago there were in this country 3,410 magazines enjoying a more or less assured existence, though very few of them having anything like a nation-wide circulation; and to-day there are but 2,700. Encouraging is his assertion that the oldest survivors are those that make a determined effort to give their readers the best that is to be had in current literature. That the magazine's fate depends pre-eminently on the occupant of its editorial chair is not surprising, though how few readers ever give a thought to that usually anonymous and very seldom conspicuously prominent person! What mountains of unreadable trash he and his assistants must have to plough through, in some fashion, and keep from working the ruin of the magazine for whose pages it is fatuously intended! Among rejected contributions exhibited by Mr. Jenkins as specimens of this sort of trash were "An Ode to a Cold Pancake," "Little Willie Went Fishing," and other productions, illiterate and nonsensical to a degree that passes belief. Their admission to any magazine would speedily raise the already high rate of magazine mortality.

* * *

"Joy-reading" has a far higher standing in our vocabulary than "joy-riding." In the latest Report of the New York State Library, Mr. Sherman Williams, of the School Libraries Division, uses the term to good purpose in commenting on the defects in literature-teaching as noted by many observers. Too much pedantry, too much dissection of literary masterpieces, too much of formal examination at stated times, and too little of "joy-reading" — that, in brief, is the ailment afflicting literature-teaching in high schools, and elsewhere. Pupils from homes where the reading of good books is as much a matter of course as the eating of good food have more of literary culture at the very outset of their high-school training than others can show at the end. "A formal examination in literature," remarks Mr. Williams, "is the best possible way to make a child dislike literature. It has been very effective for a long series of years. Is it not time to try something else? Let them read and read — read extensively and about what they will — guiding them by suggestion rather than direction." And he points out that high-school libraries are too largely composed of books for mature readers; they should have more books that are a joy and delight to the normal growing lad and ripening young woman. The "joy-reader" will go farther and profit more in an hour than the heavy-hearted reader under compulsion in a year, or a century.

* * *

The real David Grayson has at last been found to be Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, not a peaceful agriculturist at all, but a very energetic, even aggressive, journalist, magazinist, investigator of social conditions, and prolific author of various kinds of books. The only touch of similarity with David Grayson that one discovers in Mr. Baker's biography is noted in the fact that agricultural studies were at one period of early life his chief interest. He was graduated from the Michigan Agricultural College in 1889 at the age of nineteen. After that he took a partial law course and pursued literary studies at the University of Michigan. Newspaper work in Chicago soon followed,

then magazine editorship under Mr. McClure in New York, and since 1906 he has been one of the owners and editors of "The American Magazine." A wide range of talents is exhibited by his half-score or more books, from "The Boys' Book of Inventions" and "Our New Prosperity" to "Adventures in Contentment" and "The Friendly Road." The Grayson sketches, it appears, started as recreational note-book jottings in the intervals between strenuous days of study in the evils of our social and industrial life. Pressed for matter to fill the pages of the magazine which he, with others, had taken control of, he brought out his note-book and threw some of its contents into shape for publication, under the pseudonym of "David Grayson." Their success was a surprise to him, but not to his readers.

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A NOTE ON NEW FICTION, on the demand for it in comparison with the steady call for the old story-tellers, and on the amount of money spent in its purchase, catches the eye in Librarian Hill's record of a year's activity at the Brooklyn Public Library. After speaking of the proper place filled by novels in the people's free library, notwithstanding certain recent objections, he reports that in the library under his superintendence "the sum of $95,003 was spent for books in 1915, and of this amount only seven per cent. was for new fiction issued within a year. The circulation of all fiction was 3,977,998, of which about nine per cent. represented novels published within a year." Exceptional and interesting is this presentation of a comparative record of old and new fiction circulation. If all library statistics were equally detailed in this particular, it might be possible to draw some instructive general conclusions, either encouraging or discouraging. But at the same time it would be necessary to know how liberal the institution in question had been in offering current fiction to its patrons, how great the temptation it had held out to forsake the approved romancers of the past for the untried or little-tried novelists of the present.

• • •

LITERARY RARITIES TURNED TO CHARITABLE USES, the pen employed to heal the wounds of the sword — such is the spectacle now beheld, if recent reports from London are to be credited, in the sale of certain valuable manuscripts and books in aid of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in Egypt. "A Christmas Garland," by Mr. Max Beerbohm, with caricatures of the subject of each chapter from the same hand, was among the more notable items sold under the hammer at Christie's. With caricature portraits of such celebrities as Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Shaw, and George Meredith there was left a blank page for similar treatment of Mr. Henry James "pending fulfilment of our hope that health and activity will yet be given back to the consummate [artist] and well-beloved man whose work is here parodied." This clever work was presented by its artificer. The Marquis of Crew gave Lord Byron's copy of "Plini Panegyricus" with his signature, "Byron, Trin. Col. 1808." There were also a first edition of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," with illustrations by Leech and a letter by the author; a first edition of Blake's "Vision of the Daughters of Albion," with eleven plates; a copy on vellum of the "Horæ Veatæ Mariæ Virginis," and other works precious in the collector's eyes. Good prices were obtained.

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DRY STATISTICS, in a peculiar sense of the adjective, come to us from far-away Puget Sound. The city of Seattle, while the State of Washington was still a "wet" state in the colloquial signification of the term, was able each year to devote about $45,000 from license fees to the circulation of good literature among its citizens. In other words, its public library profited to that extent from the indulgence in liquid refreshment of an intoxicating nature on the part of those within its gates (or a fraction of them). Last year, with Washington enrolled among the "dry" states, the entire receipts for library uses from "licenses, fines, and fees" amounted to less than half as much, or $21,531.55. That is, with the closing of the saloons and, in consequence, a presumably greater resort to the library and its branches on the part of those formerly lured in other directions, the means for ministering to their needs as information-seeking, book-reading, or only magazine-reading and newspaper-browsing members of the body politic, become materially diminished. This anomaly, the partial dependence of the public library in many cities on liquor-license fees and police-court fines, has been commented on before in these columns, and it is likely to be commented on again before it ceases to exist.

COMMUNICATIONS.

WAS "SHAKSPERE" "SHAKE-SPEARE"?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Recently Baconians — a term of convenience (like Mr. Greenwood's "Dryasdusts" for everybody who insists on facts and logic) that I shall apply to all the different varieties of anti-Stratfordeans, e.g., Baconians proper, Raleighans, Stanleyites, Rutlanders, Marlowites, etc.,— have made it a strong argument against the Stratfordean's claim to the paternity of the plays and poems attributed to him by the saner portion of mankind that his surname is not the same as that of the London poet. They assert, vehemently and without any facts to support their assertions, that the unknown Londoner, whoever he was, wrote under the pseudonym *Shake-speare* or *Shakespeare* and was almost always thus referred to, whereas the Stratfordean actor's and money-lender's name was always written *Shakspere, Shaxberd, Shackespur,* or in some similarly shortened form, without a hyphen between the two syllables, without an *e* after the *k*, and, above all, without an *a* in the second syllable, and that these two names were not even pronounced alike. As Mr. Fraser puts it, "these names were vocally and etymologically different." Do the known facts concerning the Shakespeare surname justify these bold assertions? If they do, we have

all these years worshipped at the wrong shrine and our tercentenary celebration is a mockery.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, English spelling was even more unauthorized, fortuitous, and chaotic than it is now. Englishmen did not spell their names and their language uniformly because they were not educated to do so and because they did not attach any importance to the subject. The schools had no courses in English; there were no spelling-bees then (any more than we have in alien tongues), and people did not ask each other how they spelt their names. These facts, taken in connection with the non-existence of an English dictionary prior to 1604, together with the then scarcity of books among the common people, sufficiently account for the multitudinous forms which ordinary words and names assumed in the Elizabethan era. Elizabethans spelled phonetically, or tried to do so. Inasmuch as in the English language almost each sound is representable by one or more letters or combinations of letters, and inasmuch as many letters do service for more than one sound, the particular form that any word or name assumed on the written page depended as much upon the whim, fancy, or caprice of the moment as upon the education and habits of the writer. Our modern spelling, especially of surnames, is almost as whimsical and capricious as theirs was. It is therefore not at all surprising to find Elizabethan Englishmen spelling ordinary words, and even their own names or those of their immediate relatives, differently on different occasions or even on the same occasion. The larger the number of sounds in a word or name the larger the number of variations in its spelling.

Shakespeare's name contains seven sounds, and it was therefore capable of a great many different spellings. A certain Mr. Wise made a list of four thousand ways of spelling "Shakespeare." Mr. Wise's estimate is a very modest one. Considering that six of the seven sounds of which the poet's name is composed can be represented by several different letters or groups of letters (e. g., the first sound by *s, sh, sch, ss, ssh, ch;* the second by *a, ea, ai, ay, e, o:* the third and fourth by *cs, ccs, chs, qus, ques, ks, kes, kss, cks, ckes, kys, ckys, kis, x, xs, xks, xkes, gs,* etc.; the fifth by *p, b, ph;* the sixth by *a, e, ee, ei, ey, ea, i,* and *u,* all with or without a final *e;* the seventh by *r, rr, rd*), there is almost no limit to the number of variations of which this name is capable. If each one of the seven sounds in Shakespeare's name were capable of being written by only four different letters or letter-groups, there would be 16,384 ways of spelling this name according to English orthography. And yet it was actually spelled only in some fifty or sixty ways!

In the records of the Corporation of Stratford the name *Shakespeare* occurs 161 times (Sir Sidney Lee incorrectly says 66), and is spelled in fifteen (Lee says sixteen) different ways in the following order of frequency: *Shaxpeare* (69), *Shaxpere* (18), *Shakspeyr* (17), *Shakespere* (13), *Shakspeare* (9), *Shakyspere* (9), etc. And yet Mr. Greenwood says there was no "Shake" in the Stratfordean's name!

An examination of all the extant records pertaining to William Shakespeare and his family, except the purely literary records, from 1550 to 1625 (viz., the records of Stratford, Snitterfield, Wilmecote, Bearley, Shottery, Warwick, Rowington, Clifford, Hampton-Lucy, Coventry, Ingon, and London, including notices of births, marriages, and funerals, court records, Corporation archives, wills and inventories, letters and diaries, views of frank-pledge, a list of freeholders, surveys, a list of recusants, a marriage license and a bond against impediments, marriage settlements, reports of special commissions, the records of the College of Heraldry, depositions, assessment rolls, bail bonds, deeds, leases, fines, tombstones and monuments, etc.) results in the tabulation of a little over seven hundred occurrences of this surname in forty-four different spellings, in the following order of frequency: *Shakespere* (114), *Shaxpeare* (73), *Shakespeare* (69), *Shakspere* (55), *Shaxpere* (51), *Shackspere* (38), *Shakspeyr* (38), *Shackespere* (32), *Shaxspere* (31), etc. It is to be noted that there is an *e* at the end of the first syllable in thirty-eight per cent, and an *i* or a *y* (the occasional equivalent of an *e*) in three and a half per cent more. And yet Mr. Greenwood says there was no "Shake" in the Stratfordean's name! Perfectly characteristic of the methods of the Baconians in presenting their case is Mr. Greenwood's frequent references to *Shaxberd, Shagspere, Shagspur,* and *Shaxpur,* instilling into his readers' minds the belief that the actor's name was most frequently so written by his acquaintances and associates. What are the facts? *Shagspere* occurs only seventeen times, a little over two per cent; *Shagspur* is nowhere to be found; Mr. Greenwood's assertion that "*Shaxpur* is another well-known variant" is quite untrue, for it exists nowhere but in the fantasies of Baconians; and the form *Shaxberd* occurs only a few times and only in literary London, in documents of purely literary interest!

Reading Messrs. Greenwood, Baxter, Fraser, *et id genus omne,* one would infer that literary circles in London were unanimous in writing the poet's name *Shakespeare* or *Shake-speare.* But the truth is that Londoners were just as variable and unresolved as to the orthography of the popular dramatist's name as were the "boors" of the provinces. It is true that the majority of the printed mentions of the name show the forms just mentioned. But there are many exceptions. On the title-page of "Love's Labor's Lost" (1598) and of "The Passionate Pilgrim" (1612) we find *Shakespere,* of "King Lear" (1608) *Shak-speare,* and of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" (1634) *Shakspeare.* Other printed forms are *Shake-spear, Shak-spear,* and *Shakespear.* London manuscript references to the poet and his family are generally anything but *Shakespeare.* In these we find *Shaxberd* (1604-5), *Shakespere, Shakspeer, Shackspheere* (1627), *Shackspare* (1619), *Shakspere, Shaksper* (by Edward Alleyn!), *Shakspeare,* etc. The officials of the College of Heraldry wrote either *Shakespeare* or *Shakespere.* In London, Shakespeare's name was written and printed in not less than twenty different ways, at least nine of

which (*Shakesbere, Shackspeere, Shakspeer, Shakspeare, Shake-speare, Shake-spear, Sheakspeare, Shakespheare, Shaxberd*) are peculiar to the metropolis,— and in all of these there is no doubt that the poet was meant. Sir Sidney Lee's statement that the form *Shakespeare* "has the predominant sanction of legal and literary usage" is grossly erroneous. In truth and in fact, legal documents pertaining to the poet's property are overwhelmingly in favor of a shortened form of the name, especially as regards the omission of the *a* in the second syllable. Literary usage was as variable as legal usage. To speak of a "literary form" of the name is an absurdity.

A number of orthodox Shakespeareans and, of course, all Baconians, have asserted that in the provinces the first syllable of the actor-poet's surname must have been pronounced short because six-tenths of the time it was written without an *e* (*i* or *y* — the occasional equivalents of *e*) after the *k*. If this is true of the provinces, it is also true of London, for only in the printing offices was the name generally spelled with an *e* at the end of the first syllable. But all these writers have disregarded, or been ignorant of, the fact that in the reigns of Elizabeth and James there was no rule requiring a final *e* to indicate the length of a preceding vowel, and that Elizabethan writers and printers employed or omitted the final *e* as suited their fancy. (Even to-day the sound of *a* in "far," etc., the sound this vowel had in the Elizabethan "shake," does not require a final *e*.) Salesbury, writing about the middle of the sixteenth century, tells us that the use of silent *e* was kept up for the convenience of printers "in consideration of iustifying of the lynes." When, at the close of the middle English period, all final *e*'s were dropped in pronunciation they were naturally also omitted in spelling, especially in the first syllable of compound words, e.g., "wherof," "elswhere," "hereafter," "therof," "somwhat," etc., and in surnames composed of two words. That is why the *e* is so often omitted from the first syllable of the poet's name not only in provincial records but also in the vast majority of unprinted London records. These facts also explain why in approximately twenty per cent of the non-literary occurrences of the name there is no *e* at the end of the second syllable.

The presence or absence of a final *e* had no influence whatever on the pronunciation of a syllable or of the vowel sound in the syllable. In Elizabeth's day, even more than now, an individual writer's spelling was no guide to his pronunciation, inasmuch as each vowel had several phonetic values. Nothing is more certain than that Elizabethan writers did not associate a different pronunciation with a somewhat different spelling. Elizabethan and Jacobean manuscripts and printed books abundantly prove this. (Even to-day such different spellings as "pear," "pair," and "pare" have the same sound.) That "spere" or "sper" was the phonetic equivalent of "spear" or "speare" is proved, apart from etymological and other considerations (e.g., variant texts), by the Shakespeare coat-of-arms, which exhibits a falcon shaking a spear. Mr. Greenwood's references to the "spur-jingling form" of the Stratfordean's name is a piece of jugglery and misrepresentation perfectly characteristic of the whole ilk of Baconians. His statement that the College assigned "the spear-shaking name" to "Shakspere" because "Shaksper" would not have commended itself to them for pictorial purposes embodies a falsehood. The Heralds wrote indifferently *Shakespere* or *Shakespeare*, never *Shakspere*. Besides, why did Shakespeare have to have a canting pattern suggesting his name? And why does a spur not commend itself for pictorial purposes as well as a spear? To most of us a jingling spur sounds as heroical as a shaking spear, perhaps more so, and is as suggestive of a military origin.

Baconians pretend to find a great deal of significance in the fact that in a large number of printed references to the great poet the name is printed with a hyphen between the two syllables. There were several reasons for the use of the hyphen in Elizabethan printing shops. In the first place, it was often used for no better reason than what Salesbury tells us about the use of final *e*. In the first folio we often find words connected with a hyphen (e.g., "fowle-play," "sea-storme," "Ayrie-charme," "worlds-stage," "holiday-foole," etc.) for no apparent reason. In the second place, Elizabethan and Jacobean compositors seem to have been instructed to indicate the composition of compound words and phrases by the introduction of a hyphen between the word components. That is why we find in the folio the following: "a-boord," "Bote-swaine," "out-live," "un-heard," "mid-night," "eye-lid," "non-pareill," "Pre-thee," "Common-wealth," etc. Gratuitous and ridiculous etymologizing was one of the fashions of the printers of that day. Another and very important reason for the excessive use of the hyphen was to indicate that the hyphenated word-group was to be accented on the first element, e. g., "horse-man," "good-man," "young-man," "true-man," "half-Sword," "tyring-house," "spend-thrift," "Fly-me," "Shake-spear," etc. It goes without saying that printers would be more likely to aim at some kind of uniformity in orthography than writers. An examination of a large number of Elizabethan manuscripts shows that the hyphen was very rarely employed in writing and not at all in the writing of surnames.

There is absolutely not a particle of reason for doubting that "Shakspere" of Stratford was "Shakespeare" of London.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

New York, May 5, 1916.

POE'S FIRST LONDON SCHOOL.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As an addendum to Professor Killis Campbell's important article in your issue of Feb. 17 entitled "New Notes on Poe's Early Years," I should like to offer a slight contribution to what Professor Campbell rightly calls "the most interesting of the new bits of information" that he has gleaned from the Ellis-Allan Papers.

The "new bit" is a bill for Poe's schooling in London. This document makes it clear that Poe

was not a pupil, as he himself averred, at the school of the Rev. John Bransby (whom he erroneously called "Doctor" Bransby) in Stoke-Newington throughout his five years' sojourn in Britain (1815-1820); but that part of the time, and previous to his Stoke-Newington days, he attended a school kept by the Misses Dubourg in Sloane Street, Chelsea.

With the above data in hand, I set out on the quest of identifying the site of the school. The most obvious depository of such information proved fruitless, since the name of Dubourg does not appear in any of the London directories of the period.

The second attempt was more successful. The Town Clerk of Chelsea courteously permitted me to examine the Poor Rate Books, in which I found the name of Francis Dubourg appearing for the first time in Midsummer of 1816. The date coincides with the date of the Misses Dubourg's bill to Allan for Poe's schooling, from which it may be inferred that Poe's first quarter in the school was likewise the first quarter of the school itself. After the same number, 146, under Dubourg's name, is that of Mary A. Brooke, from which it appears that two distinct tenants occupied the premises. It may be assumed that Francis Dubourg was the father of the Misses Dubourg, and his presence simply adds another member, to those already mentioned by Professor Campbell, of a family to be henceforth associated with Poe.

The street numbering has not been changed (the numbers run consecutively up one side and down the other). No. 146 then is No. 146 still. It is the last house on the East side of Sloane Street, on the corner of Sloane Square. The present building, the ground floor of which is occupied by a branch of Parr's Bank, is comparatively recent. The discovery that Poe, when he was seven years old, attended a boarding school in Sloane Street greatly expands the boundaries of his London beyond their previously accepted definition. It means not only that he lived in Chelsea, and that that Parish is to be added to Bloomsbury and Stoke-Newington as constituting the scene of his English childhood, but it also means that, hardly less than the district between Bloomsbury and Stoke-Newington, he must have frequently travelled over the part of town which lies between Bloomsbury and Chelsea. In other words, he must have known the aspect of Piccadilly and Hyde Park as well as of Russell Square and Newington Green.

LEWIS CHASE.

London, England, April 25, 1916.

SLIPSHOD BIBLIOGRAPHY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Not long ago, my attention was called to a recently-published volume by Mr. Peter H. Goldsmith, entitled "A Brief Bibliography of Books in English, Spanish, and Portuguese Relating to the Republics Commonly Called Latin American, with Comments." Being interested in those countries, I ordered the book for the assistance which I hoped it would give me. I must confess, however, that I am disappointed, and furthermore I cannot see any reasonable excuse for the publication. Issued by one of our great American publishers, I felt confident that it would at least be a compilation of some value. No doubt publishers occasionally err, but why this book has been put forth is beyond my comprehension.

Mr. Goldsmith's name is unfamiliar to me; though according to the title-page, he is Director of the Pan-American Division of the American Association for International Conciliation. Holding such a position, I am confident that he has made a grievous error in thus appearing in print.

My own interest is in Nicaragua, and I therefore turned to that head in an index by countries and subjects. On page XVI I found *one* reference only, and that to a pamphlet published seven years since by the Government Printing Office, 14 pages, octavo; and the comment thereon is a cross reference to a similar pamphlet on the Argentine Republic. My hopes were dashed, therefore, as far as Nicaragua was concerned. I have a private collection of possibly one hundred titles on the Republic of Nicaragua, from the time of its first coming under the notice of Great Britain until last year. Most of these books are in English, although two or three are in French and a like number in Spanish.

Mr. Goldsmith's "bibliography" consists of 107 pages, and the whole number of titles included (299) is less than three times as many as I possess on the single country of Nicaragua.

I am curious to know the basis of the compiler's selection. Surely there are sufficient books of first importance which might have been included,— as for instance, the great work on Mexico by Riva Palacio, 5 volumes. Is there any reasonable excuse for leaving out Waterton's "Wanderings," a classic of its kind, and Belt's "The Naturalist in Nicaragua"? Fortunately, Bate's "The Naturalist on the River Amazons" does appear, but with a note insignificant as compared with the character of the volume. Only one title by Dr. Nicholas Lèon is included.

Mr. Goldsmith does not consider Mr. George Palmer Putnam's "The Southland of North America" as worthy of notice; and his diatribe on what Mr. Frederick Palmer saw and did in Central America is evidently written without any actual knowledge of the subject. Mr. Palmer's book is not "documented"; but there are so many titles throughout the volume, annotated by Mr. Goldsmith, where this somewhat awkward word is used that it becomes tiresome. The compiler also seems fond of italicizing such words as "General," "Captain," "Don," etc., for which he undoubtedly has a reason, though this reason does not readily appear to the uninformed.

The compiler speaks of the scarcity of books in English on the Latin-American countries. Before making such a statement he should have consulted some of the collections in this country; and he might have done well to have inquired for information of Mr. P. Lee Phillips of the Congressional Library,— to whom he refers as "A. Phillips" on page X of his index.

It seems to me that Kingsborough's great work on Mexico receives too much attention. To be

sure, it was a labor of "self-sacrifice" and great "human perseverance," and the plates and general make-up of the volumes are superb. But does not Mr. Goldsmith know that this treatise has been to a great extent superseded by facsimiles of most of the important codices and other documents, made more accurate by modern photographic process?

I should also like to have seen included Ward's book on Mexico. But the number of volumes not appearing is so considerable that I dare not even begin to enumerate them. The proof reading is bad throughout the volume.

W. H. Miner.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, May 3, 1916.

A LETTER TO A DEAD AUTHOR.

Dear Miss Austen:

Have you heard — but prepare for something very dreadful. Amazing things are being said in this country about celebrated people. I cannot think what causes it. It may be the desire for something "new and novel," to use the expression of those venders of small articles we call "agents." It began in the East. Somebody confessed in the public prints that he had never read Dante. Someone else announced that he had read Carlyle, but thought him a great bore. The facile descent was begun. "The Pilgrim's Progress" was next seen plunging down the vortex of unpopularity, along with the rest of the religious classics.— I know your dislike of "the vortex," but no other figure fits the case. Vortexes are quite common with us.

Even school children are asking why they should be subjected to the strain of reading defunct authors. "Our mothers," they say, "read 'Gulliver's Travels' when they were children. It is out of date. Why, it was written before Abraham Lincoln. We prefer something recent."

This could be borne; for to some a book is merely a commodity, like the season's clothes, to be changed when later fashions appear. But such leanings are more serious in those to whom a good book is supposedly "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." A few weeks ago a reviewer of the Brontës' poems averred that their novels are old fashioned; that they are more edited and discussed than read; that, if read, it is merely because of the interest inspired by the tragic lives of the Brontë family. These were "the words, if not the very langwidges," of the review. A good deal was added about the melodrama of their plots, as if that were all their substance — though if there is anything in literature more poignantly real than the school scenes in "Jane Eyre," I know not where it is. Is not Scott's "Rob Roy" melodramatic; and are not Dickens's "Oliver Twist," "Bleak House," "Martin Chuzzlewit" still more "precipitous"?

But I disgress. The worst is yet to come. The Dial, intelligencer and guide of those to whom literature is supreme, queried recently, apropos of a proposed celebration of your centennial year: "Who reads one of her books once a year?" I am sorry to pain you,— but so it was.

"Strange words they seem of slight and scorn," but perhaps, like Wordsworth's Yarrovian jocularities, they veil an inward fealty. It may be consoling to recall Lord Tennyson's compliment. It is related that when he visited Lyme he was impatient when historic spots were pointed out to him, saying with adorable warmth: "Don't talk to me of the Duke of Monmouth. I want to know the exact spot where Louisa Musgrove fell."

Unhappily, Lord Tennyson himself may have disappeared from the literary firmament by this time. The next gale from the North may bring word that somebody in New York or Chicago no longer peruses him. Out here in Missouri, we should be all unaware of his disappearance. We are so far from intellectual luminaries that, like some of the fixed stars, they could be snuffed out and we would yet continue to bask in their rays for some years to come.

It would be a great pity, however, for Tennyson to suffer such a fate after all his labor. Your little Catherine of "Northanger Abbey" may turn out a prophet after all. "To be at so much trouble in filling volumes" which, as she artlessly remarked, "nobody would willingly look into,— to be laboring only for the torment of little boys and girls, always struck me as a hard fate, and I have often wondered at the person's courage that could sit down on purpose to do it."

On the present fashion in literature, as well as in dress, I would fain discourse,— but these are themes for abler pens that that of

Your obliged and faithful ser^t,

Mary B. Swinney.

To Miss J. Austen,
(formerly of) Chawton, England.

COOPERATION BETWEEN LIBRARY AND POLICE.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

An editorial paragraph with the above heading, contained in your issue of April 13, has just come to my attention. It is an interesting statement, but unfortunately is not true. Evidently it is based on the misconception of some local newspaper a year and a half ago, which was given currency by Mr. Pearson in his Boston "Transcript" column. The Somerville library's exact statement of the matter, printed in the "Library Journal," of course never caught up with the newspaper misconception.

The fact simply is that the meeting between the boys on probation and the probation officer were arranged to be held in a small lecture room in the central library, so that the boys might be removed from the police court atmosphere. None of them are asked to take books, and most of them never enter any of the library book rooms; so that the offender cannot, of course, be "made to draw from the library a book with a story bearing on the offence" and "subsequently called upon for proof that he has read the prescribed matter."

Drew B. Hall, Librarian,

Public Library, Somerville, Mass.,
May 2, 1916.

[We are glad to print this correction. The source of the information which betrayed us was, however, much more recent than Mr. Hall suggests.—Editor.]

The New Books.

The Autobiography of Charles Francis Adams.*

Charles Francis Adams was born in Boston, May 27, 1835. He died in Washington, March 20, 1915. The brief autobiography now published was written, in the main, in 1912, though here and there are fragments of an earlier date. In so short a work it was impossible to render full account of the many activities of a very active life, and only the leading episodes are related. Even these receive no extended treatment; they are, rather, but the pegs upon which are hung for inspection those characteristics and qualities that the writer felt were his,— or felt he lacked. Thus the autobiography is an attempt at self-revelation; only rarely is it a "mirror of his times." This was indeed Adams's conception of the proper function of autobiography,— the self-expression, with truth and candor, of a man's personality; and to this conception he has held with admirable rigor throughout his book.

Nevertheless, the bare bones of life must be presented, for understanding, and as such Adams has given them. At thirteen he was sent to the Boston Latin School, and his three years there he "loathed" then and in memory. Placed under a private tutor, he entered Harvard College, with advanced standing, as a sophomore in 1853,— another "error," for had he entered as freshman, he would have been a member of the remarkable class of '57, whereas the class of '56 "was as a class distinctly unnoticeable — a low average; and, in subsequent years, the chief distinction it achieved was contributing two inmates to the State's prison." Yet the years at Harvard were profitable, for here Adams began to exercise his "aptitude" for writing. In September, 1856, he began the study of law in the office of R. H. Dana, and was admitted to practice in 1858, thereafter "keeping his office," but finding few clients, and never content with the profession. Visits to Washington, where his father, Charles Francis Adams, was now a member of the House of Representatives, and a tour of the Middle West in company with Seward, in the campaign of 1860, offered attractive opportunity to mix in the political whirlpool of that critical year. The beginning of the Civil War found Adams a member of the Massachusetts militia on garrison duty at Fort Independence, and, after some heart searching as to duty, there followed enlistment in the volunteers, with appointment on December 19, 1861, as First Lieutenant in the First Massachusetts Cavalry. Service in the army brought no especial distinction, though conscientious performance of duties, here, as always, marked Adams's career. He was first stationed in South Carolina, then in Virginia, took part in the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg, and was in many minor engagements. In 1864 appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, a sense of duty to the regiment made him decline a staff appointment, though he eagerly desired it. At the head of his regiment he rode into the burning Richmond the day after Jefferson Davis and his government had abandoned their capitol. Made Brigadier-General, and the war concluded, he was mustered out of service in 1865.

Married in 1865, to Mary Ogden, a wedding trip in Europe was followed by a return, in 1866, to his law office in Boston, but "with a sinking heart." From the dreariness, to him, of the law, an escape was found in a return to writing. "Instinctively recognizing my unfitness for the law, I fixed on the railroad system as the most developing force and largest field of the day, and determined to attach myself to it. I now stand amazed at my own inexperience and audacity." Yet within a fortnight after reaching this determination, Adams had written for "The North American Review" an article on Railroads, thus entering a field of activity which was to engage a large portion of his energies for the next twenty-five years. "Paraphrasing Pistol, the world was my oyster then, which I with pen did open; and I did it, unaided." The fruition of these efforts came, in 1869, with the publication of "A Chapter of Erie," that classic in railway literature, and an appointment to the newly established Massachusetts Railroad Commission, the first of its kind, where Adams served for the next ten years. In 1878 he became chairman of the Government Directors of the Union Pacific; in 1882, an Overseer of Harvard College, serving twenty-four years; in 1882, also, a director of the Union Pacific itself, and in 1884 the President of the company, for which he performed great services in establishing its financial credit, only to see his plans thwarted by the manipulations of Jay Gould, who succeeded in 1890 in driving Adams from office. In 1892 he was made head of the Boston Park Commission, and was largely instrumental in saving the pres-

* Charles Francis Adams, 1835-1915. An Autobiography. Prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society. With a Memorial Address by Henry Cabot Lodge. With portrait. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

ent larger park systems from the maw of real estate speculators. In 1897 he became Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission on the relation of street railways and municipalities. In the meantime, private business ventures, with varying success and failure, had required much time and attention, and in general, says Adams, "the fallibility of my judgment has been noticeable." But one great accomplishment was his,— the organization, and direction for over forty years, of the Kansas City Stock Yards Company, an enterprise which appealed to him as much for its benefit to the public as for its financial success.

Thus enumerated in the pages of the autobiography, though with but scant comment, the activities of Adams seem sufficiently varied and pressing to have occupied to the full one man's life. In reality, in addition to his historical study and writing, always engaging attention even in the midst of railway controversies, Adams has wholly omitted from description, or even reference, many other activities with which his name is insolubly connected,— as "anti-imperialism," or "reform of the pensions." The autobiography is, then, no history of the man, or of his works. More than two-thirds of its pages are devoted, indeed, to but ten years of life,— those from 1856 to 1866. The book is rather a running exposition of the man,— a bit of introspection, if you please, with all the charm of Adams's style as a writer, his amusing divagations, his vigorous denunciation of human fault or frailty, his wonderful ability in dramatic presentation of historical fact.

The chapters, "Law and Politics" (1856-1861), and "Washington, 1861," contain numerous interesting characterizations, or estimates, of men prominent in politics. Seward talked with his young friend of the great figures of the preceding generation, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. Of the latter, he said:

> Calhoun was the most eminent of the three, but they are all over-rated men; for they converted the Senate-Chamber into a mere intellectual arena for their own struggles. Calhoun had undirected, original eloquence; Clay had a fiery, brilliant imagination; Webster, brute intellectual force. Calhoun's logic was not sound; he led and did not follow it, using it to support a pre-conceived theory.

Of Seward himself, although admitting the egotistical manner so offensive to many of his confrères, Adams presents a picture of the statesman in repose, less well known, and far more pleasing:

> Seward, in fact, never appeared so well as at home, in Auburn. He was there really and unaffectedly simple. He walked the streets exchanging greetings with every one; and, as he sat at home in his office, every one came in without form or ceremony, and to everyone the same welcome was extended. It was, too, all genuine — the relations were kindly, unaffected, neighborly.

In the years immediately following upon the Civil War, Adams had a profound belief in the wisdom and skill of Seward as Secretary of State. Later historical investigation somewhat modified that judgment, both as to the man and his statecraft. He writes:

> As I now see him, Seward was an able, a specious and adroit, and a very versatile man; but he escaped being really great. . . Perhaps my own impression could best be conveyed — looking back on him now through the perspective of forty years — by saying that he was an adroit politician and pseudo-statesman, having in him a dash of the philosopher.

During his visit to Washington in the winter of 1860-61, Adams met many men of prominence, and made a diary record (later destroyed in large part) of conversations. As a young man he had conceived a great veneration and affection for Sumner. Disillusionment came in this Washington visit. A diary record, previously printed, but here reprinted, tells of Sumner's vague and disordered language just previous to the inauguration of Lincoln. Adams was in conversation with Sumner and Wilkinson of Minnesota:

> I had heard that he [Sumner] was excited, but his manner and language amazed me. He talked like a crazy man, orating, gesticulating, rolling out deep periods in theatrical, whispered tones,— repeating himself, and doing everything but reason. . . I soon saw that reason was out of the question, and the only course was for me to hold my tongue, letting him run down. . . His attack was on Seward and "the compromisers"; he had thought of this matter in the day time, and lay awake over it whole nights; it was all clear to him; to him, his path was as clear as day . . . he would reiterate: "I am sure — I am certain — I see my way so clearly; such a glorious victory was before us; right was with us, God was with us — our success was sure did we only hold firmly to our principles." . . It was very painful. The man talked so without reason, and almost without connection; and yet he gave me distinctly to understand that he alone could now guide affairs; . . . I was disgusted, shocked and mortified.

Many historians have sought later to unravel Sumner's "clear path," but without certitude, for neither then nor after did Sumner formulate definitely his plan of action.

Adams's ability to hit hard in characterization, as well as his ineradicable determination to tell the truth as he saw it, is illustrated by his youthful diary citation on Sumner. Other illustrations are frequent in the autobiography. Of Roger A. Pryor, a leading secessionist, he writes:

> I remember him at one of Buchanan's receptions, a rather tall and lank Virginian, stalking about with a lady on each arm. In shabby black, of course, and ugly as a stone fence, with tallowy, close-shaven features, and prominent high cheek-bones, his eyes had

a hard, venomous look, while his flowing locks, brushed carefully behind his ears, fell well down over his coat collar, innocent of the shears. He was representative of a large class — men who were just spoiling for a fight. They had it, too!, and, before they got through, had a belly-full!

Yet here follows a later impression of Pryor, received in a chance meeting at a reception to John Bigelow in New York, 1911:

He was then manifestly a very old man, softened by experience and domestic afflictions. . . I recognized him, sitting on one of the front benches, the moment I came into the room; and at once went and introduced myself to him. He was plainly gratified; and so was I at seeing him there. On both sides, all the old feeling was gone. In the quieter rays of a setting sun, I like to think it was so.

Adams's anecdotal reminiscences, his generalizations, a few of which have now been quoted, themselves indicate some of those personal characteristics and qualities with which the autobiography intentionally concerns itself; for, as before stated, Adams's theory of the purpose of autobiography was that it should be, primarily, an honest attempt at self-revelation,— and honest in intent he always was, even, at times, painfully so, both to others and to himself. Not all qualities or all characteristics can be treated in a brief review, and one must be content with a few of those evidently most vital to the author himself. No comprehensive diary remains to show the man as he understood himself from day to day. Until volunteering in the army he had kept such a diary. Thirty years later he read it — and destroyed it.

The revelation of myself to myself was positively shocking. Then and there I was disillusioned. Up to that time — and I was then about fifty-five — I had indulged in the pleasing delusion that it was in me, under proper conditions of time, place, and occasion, to do, or be, something rather noticeable. I have never thought so since. . . It wasn't that the thing was bad or that my record was discreditable; it was worse! It was silly. That it was crude, goes without saying. *That* I didn't mind! But I did blush and groan and swear, over its unmistakable immaturity and ineptitude, its conceit, its weakness and cant . . . as I finished each volume, it went into the fire; and I stood over it until the last leaf was ashes. . . I have never felt the same about myself since. I now humbly thank fortune that I have almost got through life without making a conspicuous ass of myself.

Adams himself may thus scoff and condemn. No one who knew him, or his writings, would be likely to agree. The point of view is, however, very characteristic of an honest self-depreciation, resulting, in spite of a bold front, in a genuine hesitation never wholly absent from a mind critically acute, and seeking that which was just and right. Boldness in word and deed is rightly connected with Adams's reputation. But it was the antecedent perplexed hesitation and self-inquiry which left their mark in his memory. Such habit of hesitancy he attributed somewhat to the fact that in youth he was unfortunately always held a little apart from other boys. "I should have been compelled to rough it with other boys." He was individualistic and needed "attrition." This incertitude of mind and purpose was most marked in the months before Adams volunteered in the army, and in those immediately following the end of army service. Even in age, the elation of a great decision made was as vivid to him as on that October day, in 1861, when he cast aside "scolding tenants, auditing bills, discussing repairs, rendering accounts, and so — doing my duty!— Psh! . . Even now, though more than fifty years have since passed on, I look back as at the moment of an inspiration — the time when I resolved to burst the bonds, and to strike out into the light from the depth of the darkness. No wiser determination did I ever reach." On return to civil life, the earlier dislike for the practice of law returned also, and it was not until he found a field of endeavor in railway matters that uncertainty was ended. How oppressive that uncertainty was, is shown in a letter written in 1869 to E. R. Hoar on the occasion of the latter's nomination for the Attorney-Generalship (Memoir of Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, 1911, p. 194): "Of all comforting things the most comforting must be to feel that one has a mission to perform,— that all responsibility and doubt are gone, and that to retreat is impossible."

Another obstacle to success and happiness alike, so Adams believed, was his sense of a barrier in contact with men. He desired no such barrier, but, try as he would to break it down, there it stood, indestructible and insurmountable.

I was not popular in my college days; nor, indeed, have I ever been so since. . . I wanted to be; but it wasn't quite in me . . . moreover, *gauche*, I was singularly lacking in what is known as tact. I had almost a faculty for doing or saying the wrong thing at any given time; and I was painfully self-conscious. This made me shy; and the world, as usual, set my shyness to the account of pride.

This is keen self-analysis,— but surely overstated. Tact may have been lacking in youth; only his contemporaries can testify as to that. But in later years, tact and consideration for others were his, distinctly. Shyness, "set to the account of pride," was more lasting, and all the more a cause of discomfort to one whose real warmth of human sympathy needed an equal warmth of affection in return. Possibly it was this inability to find touch, that Adams would have regarded as the principal characteristic debarring him

from the public service, had he given the matter any consideration. The autobiography has nothing to say of this, nor did Adams ever make any effort for political power. Nevertheless, the question inevitably arises, why a man of such distinguished political heritage, with unquestioned intellectual gifts, with every quality, save possibly that of suppleness, fitting him to be a great public servant, should have had no place in public life. The simpler, and presumably the correct, explanation is that he did not seek it. John Adams did so, with intent and persistence. So, also, did John Quincy Adams. Still again, Charles Francis Adams, the elder, from earliest youth looked forward to political usefulness, made his way through difficulties, led a "forlorn hope," — saw that hope become a reality, and was on the very threshold of distinguished success in leadership, when diverted to the diplomatic field (and a great public service thereby) by the offer of the English mission in 1861. With equal mental abilities, abundantly evidenced in other fields, this man of the fourth generation did not gain the distinction in public service of his forebears. He did not *seek*. Had he followed the example of English political families, steadily pursuing, through years of apprenticeship, opportunity in politics, there can be little doubt that distinction in that field would have been his also, and no doubt that the field would have been the better for his presence.

In the autobiography there is little reference to the political eminence of the family, and no direct evidence that Adams ever desired public service for himself. In the concluding pages he writes:

> I have, perhaps, accomplished nothing considerable, compared with what my three immediate ancestors accomplished; but, on the other hand, I have done some things better than they ever did; and, what is more and most of all, I have had a much better time in life — got more enjoyment out of it. In this respect I would not change with any of them.

Yet the natural talent for public service was his. "Statesmanship, politics in the largest sense, diplomacy," says Mr. Lodge, "were with him bred in the bone, were an instinct rather than an inborn tendency or inclination." Whatever the greater personal happiness of life,— the "better time in life," — it must at least be a matter of much public loss and regret that Adams did not seek, and seek with persistence, opportunity in public service.

The "enjoyment of life," both physical and intellectual, was one of Adams's leading characteristics. This found expression in the living fire breathed into his writing, whether on current topics or in historical investigation. The power of vigorous writing and dramatic presentation he calls his "aptitude," — a sufficiently modest word to describe what others would name as genius. From the writing of his first magazine article ("Atlantic Monthly," April, 1861, "The Reign of King Cotton") to his last year of life, the gift of the pen was a joy and solace. Literary work was carried on in the midst of business worries sufficient to prohibit most men from all other thought. On the day after he resigned the presidency of the Union Pacific, his name was advertised as the author of the two-volume memoir of R. H. Dana. Historical investigation and writing especially attracted him. "For thirty years it has led me through pastures green and pleasant places." There is no need to recount, in detail, his product. In 1912, he noted an array of ten bound volumes, and two volumes of occasional newspaper contributions. Since that date other volumes and many short articles have appeared. Not of equal merit, all are superior, and some are of unquestioned distinction.

It has been noted that the autobiography does not offer a complete record of Adams's activities. Neither does it do justice to the man. It may indeed, for those who did not know him, leave a false impression, for, overharsh in self-analysis, it dwells over-much on qualities in which Adams thought himself lacking,— with a severity of judgment in which his friends would not agree. This, however, was in itself characteristic. As Mr. Lodge, in the Memorial Address, puts it, he "was essentially humble-minded as to himself, and disposed to underestimate his own success and achievements." This may be an unusual, even a refreshing, note in autobiography. Yet here, it is not the real truth. Further, certain qualities, and those the most homely, do not appear at all,— as his essential gentleness and sympathy. Again quoting Mr. Lodge, "under a manner somewhat brusque, sometimes abrupt, was concealed one of the kindest, most affectionate hearts that ever beat, and how tender his sympathy could be those to whom it went out know well." Yet this self-restraint,— even, in the desire to be just, this failure to be fair to self,— serves to make clear that which was Adams's greatest attribute both as man and writer,— his absolute intellectual and moral integrity, so taken for granted by friend and foe alike that none was ever known to question it.

E. D. Adams.

Crowds and Crowd-Psychology.*

A book decidedly superior to the ordinary run of volumes following the striking but hasty generalizations of Tarde and Le Bon upon crowd psychology is Sir Martin Conway's "The Crowd in Peace and War." In the first place, its author does not write about the crowd from the restricted point of view which defines it as of two kinds, the Mob and the Public. In the second place, the theme of his book is that crowd organization is the mainspring of social progress, and his belief in the possibility of perfecting this organization saves him from the undue pessimism with which many regard crowd characteristics. Finally, his theories are arrived at inductively, and after laborious and catholic work in collecting data upon the behavior of crowds — data which is objective, apposite, and full of interest.

The crowd, as Sir Martin Conway sees it, is any aggregation of human individuals which realizes itself to have a distinct being and an internal unity. The British Empire has a separate existence, rudimentary in organization and weak in life, but capable of manifesting an amazing crowd life when attacked, —as it has just shown. The nation is yet more vital and more highly organized, its crowd life being bound together by patriotism. Classes are likewise crowds, from the proletariat to the "four hundred"; so are the professions; so are ecclesiastical and religious bodies. A disciplined regiment is the most highly organized crowd of all, the unit being merged in the whole, and its will lost in what we call *esprit de corps*. In general, the characteristic of a crowd is a pervading emotionalism, which anneals and brings to a common level the rational faculties of the component individuals. It is for this reason that music opens and unites the hearts of men, and that in revival meetings a half hour of hymn singing kneads the congregation into one body. An orator is the oldest and still the most powerful crowd-former. But there are hundreds of other agencies that can form a crowd — newspapers, political theories, philanthropic movements, philosophies, anything that breeds some common enthusiasm. The crowd has some of the virtues of high emotionalism — sentiment and gallantry, for example; but it has all the blind brutalities and other vices of a low order of intelligence.

Three types of crowd leaders are distinguished by Sir Martin Conway,— the crowd-controller, the crowd-exponent, and the crowd-representative. The crowd-controllers,— men like Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Disraeli,— are those who can conceive far-reaching plans, and can fashion and master crowds big enough to give effect to these plans. The crowd-controller has an energy which compels him to project himself upon the crowd, to realize himself in its larger life, and to make it incorporate his brain as the centre of its brainless body. Among crowd-exponents are men like Gladstone and Lloyd-George — the visible and audible incarnation of popular tendencies. In treating crowd-exponents of lesser calibre than these men, Sir Martin makes the forceful point that it is not the crowd that is caught by the demagogues, but the demagogues who are caught by the crowd. The crowd-representative is a picturesque figure-head rather than an individual force,— a magistrate, a diplomat, an hereditary ruler, anyone typifying crowd sovereignty, but having in himself no special power. Sir Martin, in estimating the value of the crowd-compeller, justly remarks that "that nation must always be the greatest in which the power of leadership is commonest, best acknowledged, and most employed."

The crux of Sir Martin's book appears in his chapters on the degree of organization of different crowds, and on the distinction between kingdoms and crowd-doms. The degrees of organization are to be measured by the elaborateness of the crowd's constitution, by its efficiency, and by the power to control the action of individuals which is conceded to the executive. The nature of its organization is healthy or unhealthy as it preserves a mean between the government in which an individual rules and in which unrestrained public opinion rules,— between the kingdom and the crowd-dom. Kingship, Sir Martin readily grants, is no longer an admissible form of government. It exists only in politically backward countries, where the population is scattered, communication difficult, and the level of education low. But he protests vigorously against a state of affairs in which only the crowd rules,— in which the executive and legislative bodies are thoroughly amenable to public opinion, and no crowd-compeller is allowed to stand out against the rank and file. The statesman of larger vision, the expert, the man of rare force of personality, have their due places, for crowd-rule pure and simple must proceed by agitation and irrational passion. He points to Great Britain and the United States — conservative republics both — as two national crowds whose governments have struck the golden mean between kingdoms and crowd-doms.

* The Crowd in Peace and War. By Sir Martin Conway. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Any movement to break down the House of Lords in England or the power of the courts in this country Sir Martin would completely condemn.

In this treatment of the pure democracy, Sir Martin is led into a distinctly one-sided, though still very searching and able, analysis. His scathing indictment of crowd-power contains some statements of an extreme sort. In order to estimate justly the worth of pure democratic rule, a sustained historical survey is not adequate, for our time is hardly like past times as regards the temper and intelligence of crowds. And in saying that crowds are "utterly irrational" and that all crowds are "born fools," in alleging that the only feeling one crowd can have for another is hatred and opposition, Sir Martin confuses the frequent fact with the absolute fact. If this were unqualifiedly true, many democratic aspirations of reasonable sort would be a dream, and the world's future one of perpetual war. The writer realizes the immense importance of the proper organization of the crowd; he should also realize the immense hopefulness in the gradual rationalization of the crowd which is going on all around us. Not even in backward parts of the world is the crowd, in any sense of the term, so excitable and blind as it once was. But it is clearly true that any one principle of government can be carried to excess, and in that case will end in reaction.

The remainder of Sir Martin's book contains much that is interesting, but scarcely essential to the exposition of his central theme. He treats, and treats well, the distinction between morals and religion,— morals being a social, religion an individual and personal, affair; and points out that the essence of religion is a thing appealing to men, not crowds, and that Christianity was taught to individuals by Christ but was socialized by Paul. In holding that the civilization of peoples may be gauged by noticing the manners of its lowest classes, he is certainly wrong, as a comparison between the manners of the nomad Arab and the English navvy at once suggests. Certain other assertions are questionable, but they are apart from the main subject of what is, on the whole, an excellent treatise.

ALLAN NEVINS.

An illustrated book on "The Future of South America," by Mr. Roger W. Babson, is expected next month. The author has studied the economic problems and business possibilities of South America for years, and in the writing of various chapters has received the coöperation of several Presidents and other government officials.

THE EFFECTS OF CLIMATE UPON CIVILIZATION.*

Among the contributions of American scholarship which have a high suggestive value the work of Dr. Ellsworth Huntington must not be overlooked. For more than ten years he has been studying the effect of climate upon human character, and in three volumes and numerous articles he has brought together the results of investigations carried on in many places and under varied conditions. His latest volume is entitled "Civilization and Climate," and it sums up such conclusions as he has been able to draw from existing data. It should not, however, be considered definitive, and its conclusions will doubtless be modified as some of his earlier ones have been.

Without going too much into detail, we may say that Dr. Huntington has made a study of the effect of climate, i.e., temperature and humidity, upon mankind. He has amassed data concerning the physical reaction of workmen under varying conditions, and the mental reaction of students. He has also, on the advice of well-informed men from all over the globe, prepared maps showing the distribution of civilization in the various continents, and a striking similarity is found between these maps and the maps showing the distribution of human energy on the basis of climate. Certain conditions of temperature, humidity, and cyclonic storms seem to favor physical and mental energy, which must have no small effect upon what we call civilization.

One paragraph sums up the conclusions drawn from this miscellaneous data:

> In point of time, though not of presentation in this book, the first step was a study of the climate of the past. Ten years of work along this line have led to the hypothesis of pulsatory changes, and finally to the idea that the changes consist primarily of a shifting of the belt of storms. After this conclusion had been reached, a wholly independent investigation of the effect of present climatic conditions upon human activity led to two conclusions, neither of which was anticipated. One was that under proper conditions a relatively high temperature is not particularly harmful provided it does not go to undue extremes. The other was that changes of temperature from day to day are of great importance. On the basis of these two conclusions it at once became evident that the stimulating effect of climates in the same latitude and having the same kind of seasonal changes may be different. It also becomes clear that the distribution of civilization at the present time closely resembles that of climatic energy. From this the next step is naturally back to our previous conclusion that changes of climate in the past have consisted largely of variations in the location of the storm belt. If this is so, evidently the amount of climatic stimulus must have varied correspondingly. Thus we are led to the final conclusion that, not only at present, but

* CIVILIZATION AND CLIMATE. By Ellsworth Huntington, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press.

also in the past, no nation has risen to the highest grade of civilization except in regions where the climatic stimulus is great. This statement sums up our entire hypothesis. It seems to be the inevitable result of the facts that are before us. Other explanations may indeed be offered, and modifications will certainly be necessary. Yet unless we have gone wholly astray, the surprising way in which independent lines of investigation dovetail into one another seems to indicate that a favorable climate is an essential condition of high civilization.

In order to account for the decline of early centres of civilization it was necessary to show that some serious change of climate has occurred, and an interesting phase of this investigation was the study of climatic changes as indicated by the rings of California redwood trees, up to three thousand years old, and by the shore lines of desert lakes.

The suggestive value of Dr. Huntington's work is great. If further data confirm his present theories, then we have a reasonable explanation of the decline of the ancient culture centres, not only in the Middle East, but in Yucatan and the Andes. We have a sounder basis for interpreting the remarkable rise of Japan in the last century. We have an answer to the problems of "White Australia," and in fact to all the problems of the white man in the tropics. We shall be able to define the "ideal climate," and to take measures to avoid the ill effects of an unfavorable one. And there is a material value in this research, as well.

Our knowledge of the effect of both extreme humidity and extreme dryness is unfortunately still qualitative rather than quantitative. Some day, however, exact figures for all the various climatic elements will be obtainable, and we shall construct a map showing the actual efficiency to be expected in every part of the world. It will be so accurate that the manufacturer, for example, who contemplates establishing a factory, will be able to determine the precise efficiency of labor in the different places which he has in mind, and can put the matter into dollars and cents for comparison with the cost of transportation, raw materials, and other factors.

And if, as the present data indicate, certain seasons are favorable, and others unfavorable, for physical and mental work, then a readjustment of methods not only in our factories but in our schools and colleges should take place.

The conclusions reached by Dr. Huntington are so striking that the reader is likely to forget what the preface plainly states,— that the work deals with but one of many coöperating factors in the development of civilization. Other factors are "race, religion, institutions, and the influence of men of genius," "geographical location, topography, soil," and other physical conditions. If each of these could be studied as scientifically, and with as broad a point of view, we would be well advanced in our knowledge of how man has achieved and how future progress will be won. It is to be hoped that Dr. Huntington may be able to continue his special work of investigation, which in its magnitude really requires the coöperation of many observers, until his data become abundantly convincing.

PAYSON J. TREAT.

TYPES OF REALISM IN RECENT PLAYS.*

Excepting those who insist on a narrow and technical definition of realism, I suppose everyone would agree that the realistic play is the dominant type in recent drama. Definition is risky business; but I shall run no great risk in saying that I here use the term "realistic" in what I conceive to be its ordinary sense. By a realistic play I mean a play which presents characters at least momentarily plausible, in plausible situations, and speaking the language of everyday life. On this definition, a large majority of the grist of plays which come to the reviewer's mill are realistic. Nevertheless, these plays differ widely in type, and some further distinctions will be convenient. For purposes of classification, I have found useful a sort of scale, which I here offer for what it is worth. On the left, as in some legislative assemblies, I place the radicals, representing didacticism; on the right, the conservatives,— romance, farce, melodrama; and in the centre realism.

DIDACTICISM	REALISM			ROMANCE
				FARCE
	of the left	of the centre	of the right	MELODRAMA
Left			*Right*	

The old division into tragedy and comedy would cut through this plan horizontally,—

* THE THIEF. By Henry Bernstein. Translated by John Alan Haughton. With an Introduction by Professor Richard Burton. "Drama League Series." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A WOMAN'S WAY. By Thompson Buchanan. With an Introduction by Walter Prichard Eaton. "Drama League Series." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

SEARCHLIGHTS. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Co.

QUINNEYS'. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Co.

CRIMINALS. A One-Act Play about Marriage. By George Middleton. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

TAPS. By Franz Adam Beyerlein. Translated by Charles Swickard. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

THE TREASURE. By David Pinski. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

THE TRAIL OF THE TORCH. By Paul Hervieu. Translated by John Alan Haughton. With an Introduction by Brander Matthews. "Drama League Series." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

GARSIDE'S CAREER. By Harold Brighouse. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

JANE CLEGG. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

JOHN FERGUSON. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co.

that is, tragedies may be didactic, realistic, or romantic; comedies may be didactic, realistic, romantic, or farcical. The scheme carries with it a convenient subdivision of realism. In realism of the centre, the author aims to give pleasure through an absolutely truthful representation of life as he sees it,—subject, of course, to the principles of dramatic composition. Neither for the sake of enforcing a lesson nor for the sake of an effective situation or stage "point" will he sacrifice his sense of truth. Realism of the left verges toward didacticism; of the right, toward romance, farce, or melodrama. Of course the sharply drawn lines of such a scale are merely diagrammatic; a spectrum or scale of colors shading into each other would better represent the reality. I recognize as clearly as anyone that no pigeon-hole plan can take the place of criticism; but any simple scheme of classification may be a help to criticism. We have, then, three groups of realistic plays, to separate which it is impossible to draw hard and fast lines, yet which are in the main fairly distinct.

Two plays recently published in the "Drama League Series" are excellent examples of what I have called realism of the right. Bernstein's "The Thief" sacrifices so much to situation that it might almost be classified as melodrama. The play has been acted frequently in this country, and an outline is perhaps scarcely needed. It will be recalled that Richard Voysin and his wife, Marie-Louise, are visiting at the country house of their friends, the Lagardes; that Mme. Lagardes has missed sums of money from her secretary drawer, and that the detective whom M. Lagardes has brought down from the city has found strong evidence pointing toward Fernand, the host's son, who is in love with Marie-Louise. Act I ends with Fernand's confession. In Act II, Richard Voysin and his wife have retired to their room, and Richard discovers that his wife is the thief, and that Fernand has assumed the guilt to shield her. Richard is furiously jealous, though Marie-Louise declares that she stole the money only to buy clothes to please him, and that she has given Fernand no encouragement. This act, which in the literal translation is rather indecent, was considerably modified in the American production. But up to this point the dramatist does not violently sacrifice character to situation. It is only in Act III that he throws reality to the winds. The Lagardes show no resentment at being robbed by a trusted friend; and Richard, at first convinced of his wife's infidelity, suddenly and for no adequate reason, changes his mind and believes her faithful to him. He even leaves her alone to say goodbye to Fernand, and the play ends weakly with a sentimental scene in which that youth promises his inamorata not to kill himself for love of her. Even Act III is doubtless effective on the stage, and the play as a whole is skilfully put together. But it is absurd to say, as Professor Burton does in his introduction, that "the author . . penetrates into the very heart of character. The psychology of Marie-Louise is masterly." On the contrary, the psychology of Marie-Louise is largely determined by the exigencies of plot.

Mr. Buchanan's "A Woman's Way" is another example of the "well-made play" after the French model. In a prefatory note, the author expresses his contempt for "so-called 'literary dramas,'" and warns the reader that "this comedy acts much better than it reads." The mere reader looks forward with some apprehension of being bored; but his fears are soon allayed. The play is ingeniously plotted; and the dialogue, though it has by no means the brilliance of Wilde or Shaw, is at least superficially clever and readable. "A Woman's Way" verges on farce much as "The Thief" verges on melodrama, though it is throughout less real than "The Thief." Except for the heroine, the characters are the merest lay figures, and the heroine is all but impossible. The play is built on the ancient triangular foundation. Marion Stanton, a young and pretty society woman, has become estranged from her husband, a nearly worthless rake; but she still loves him, and determines to fight to keep him. Her rival is Mrs. Blakemore, of the type "irresistible to men," and (of course) a woman with a past. Howard Stanton, however, is strangely blind to this fact. Matters are brought to a crisis by an automobile accident in which Stanton and Mrs. Blakemore are involved. Marion takes the offensive, and invites Mrs. Blakemore to a dinner, inviting also several men and their wives. She has reason to believe that nearly all these men have had previous affairs with Mrs. Blakemore. She invites also an old admirer of her own, whom she persuades to make love to her in order to make her husband jealous. The men separately take the innocent Stanton aside and call him to account for inviting their wives to meet their former mistress. By a good piece of acting, Marion bluffs the reporter who forces his way in to run down the facts as to the accident; and so wins a decisive victory on all fronts. Throughout the play situation follows situation with almost bewildering rapidity, and there is a continual

crackle of repartee and local (New York) hits in the dialogue. The reader who seeks ideas or living human character will be disappointed; the reader who wants rather thoughtless amusement will be abundantly satisfied.

Mr. Vachell's "Searchlights" is a more serious piece of work than either of the plays just mentioned, but technically a much less skilful one. Its theme is the effect of the war on two families, one English, the other German-English. The capitalist Robert Blaine has for years lived at odds with his wife, and dislikes and distrusts his spendthrift son Harry. His friend Sir Adalbert Schmalz is a naturalized and very patriotic Englishman, who has invested all his capital in Germany, and believes that Germany means peace. His loyalty to his adopted country, however, stands the test of war. Sir Adalbert's daughter Phoebe is in love with Harry Blaine; and he rather likes her, and sees in her father's wealth a guarantee of a comfortable life. Through the old device of resemblance to a photograph, Blaine is confirmed in believing what he had long suspected,— that Harry is the son of his wife's former lover. He refuses to pay Harry's debts unless his wife will give him legal ground for divorce by signing a statement that Harry is not his son. The war comes, and Harry, after engaging himself, debts and all, to Phoebe, goes to France with his regiment. He comes back after a sunstroke followed by typhoid, and is pronounced unfit to return to the trenches. To secure his happiness, his mother signs the hateful statement, and then seriously offers to commit suicide if her husband will destroy the document and promise never to reveal the fact to Harry. This is too much for the stony-hearted Blaine, and he destroys the paper voluntarily. The outline indicates the theatrical character of the story, verging at times on melodrama. The plot is not sufficient in itself to hold the reader's interest; and the characters, with the possible exception of Phoebe, do not live.

The same author's "Quinneys'," based upon the novel of that name, was, I believe, written before "Searchlights," though it has just now been published. It belongs in the same group of plays, but tends rather toward romance than toward melodrama. On the whole, it is a much stronger piece of work, containing one really memorable character, Quinney himself, and having a unity of tone which the later play lacks. Posy Quinney, daughter of the irascible and eccentric old dealer in antiques, bears rather a strong resemblance to Phoebe Schmalz. She is in love with her father's foreman, James Miggott, and sometimes after her parents have gone to bed meets him in her father's "sanctuary," where he has gathered a priceless collection. In Act I, Quinney discovers and reads Posy's note to James, making such an appointment. With his wife he spies upon the lovers, and shows himself at the psychological moment. Though Mrs. Quinney turns against him, he is inexorable, and requires Posy to choose between him and her lover. His wife and daughter leave the house in anger, going with James to some relatives. Even after he finds they are in earnest, Quinney will not yield; and with great pertinacity and ingenuity he strives to break off the match. Of course he does not succeed; but in the struggle his own best traits are revealed to his wife and daughter, and the play ends with reconciliation. Probably it owes its success in about equal parts to the novel and attractive setting, to the character of Quinney, and to the pretty and not altogether unreal love story. The changes from novel to play might be made the text for a little disquisition on the limitations which the taste of the theatre-going public imposes on the playwright. The love story must end happily; therefore the character of the lover (who in the novel is a rascal) must be changed, and Quinney must be proved wrong in his judgment of him. But there still remain in the play a number of indications that Quinney was right. In the novel, Quinney has really been a party to a dishonest transaction, and James really tries to blackmail him. Quinney shows the essential soundness of his character by risking ruin rather than give his daughter to a scoundrel, and James is shown up and goes off in disgrace. But this is a little too complex for the average audience; if Quinney has deviated from strict honesty in the slightest particular, he is in danger of losing their sympathy. Furthermore, it will not do for the playwright to represent James as actually trying to blackmail his employer, for James is to win the heroine. Thus what is really the finest dramatic touch in the novel — the searching test of Quinney's manhood through James's attack on him — is sacrificed to the public demand for a love story with a happy ending.

We turn to a group of plays representing what I have called realism of the left,— plays containing a didactic element,— in which the dramatist wishes to emphasize some thesis through a more or less realistic representation of life. Very obviously didactic is Mr. Middleton's latest one-act play, "Criminals." The criminals are the highly respectable parents

who allow their daughter to marry in ignorance of the nature of the sex relation. They are sitting quietly at home in a reminiscent mood on the evening after their daughter's wedding; it appears that she and her husband are to spend the night at a hotel in the city before starting on their honeymoon. The telephone rings, and their son-in-law informs them that Janet is on her way home, and that he is about to follow her. The girl appears, in a semi-hysterical condition. Before her husband's arrival, she reproaches her parents bitterly for their neglect. On his appearance she locks herself in her room and refuses even to speak to him. The play ends thus, rather inconclusively, but with the suggestion that they did not all live happily ever afterward. Mr. Middleton handles the difficult situation delicately; perhaps if he had had a keener sense of humor he would not have handled it at all. He assures us that the play "was founded on an actual occurrence," and that he has since heard of many similar experiences. But surely ignorance in this degree is exceptional; and granting its occasional existence, Mr. Middleton takes it too seriously. Even complete ignorance could scarcely wreck a marriage without the help of other forces. Janet's husband is a gentleman, willing to make every allowance for her; and the reader does not despair of her ultimate happiness, though apparently the dramatist does. All the characters are the merest types; the play illustrates the tendency of the didactic drama to turn away from the individual in characterization, and toward the typical.

I hesitate somewhat to classify Herr Franz Beyerlein's "Taps" ("Zapfenstreich") in this group; for although it is clearly anti-militarist in purpose and effect, the author nowhere allows his thesis to interfere with dramatic truth. The theme is the cruel injustice which results from the German military caste system. The author is an Austrian who probably for personal reasons chose to expose the German army instead of that of his own nation. The play was very successful in Germany, and the Kaiser forbade officers and soldiers to attend it in uniform,—which suggests that its blow at militarism went home. Yet personally all the officers in the story except one appear in an attractive light, and the exception himself seems the weak victim of a bad system rather than positively corrupt himself. The central characters are Sergeant-Major Volkhardt, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War who is beloved by the whole regiment, his daughter Clara, and Lieutenant Von Lauffen. At the beginning of the play we learn that Clara is in love with Von Lauffen, and is accustomed to visit him in his rooms after taps has sounded; in a chance interview in her father's office, she promises to visit her lover that night. Meantime Helbig, Clara's foster-brother, has returned from the riding-school where he has spent two years. He is in love with Clara, and was informally engaged to her before he went away. Clara receives him coldly, but makes him promise to say nothing of the change in her to her father. Helbig's suspicion of Von Lauffen is at once aroused; and in Act II, soon after Clara's arrival at Von Lauffen's rooms, he knocks at the door. Von Lauffen sends her into the bedroom, hoping to get rid of Helbig; but the latter demands answers to his questions. Refusal to answer only confirms his belief, and he insists on entering the bedroom. Though Von Lauffen strikes him with his sabre, Helbig succeeds in opening the door, and catches a glimpse of Clara. He is at once arrested at Von Lauffen's order, and court-martialled for assaulting a superior officer. At the trial in Act III, Helbig admits his guilt, refusing to implicate Clara; but the officers in charge are just and patient, and reluctant to condemn him. At last Clara herself gains admittance to the trial, and reveals the whole truth. Poor Volkhardt is restrained by main force from attacking Von Lauffen on the spot. In Act IV, he visits Von Lauffen's chambers and demands satisfaction. The young lieutenant will neither marry the girl nor fight a non-commissioned officer. At the crisis Clara, who has followed her father, appears, and takes upon herself the whole blame of the affair. In a flash of anger the old man turns his revolver upon her and fires. Thus the play, without any direct attack, and adhering strictly to dramatic truth, presents a striking and terrible indictment of the inhuman system with its iron lines of caste. The action is skilfully developed, and the characters, especially Volkhardt, Clara, and Von Lauffen, are strongly and vividly drawn. The play has been well translated.

The difficulty of any exact classification of realistic plays is illustrated by the next two on our list. Neither can properly be called a play with a thesis; neither advocates or even points the way to any particular reform; yet each is intended to exemplify a central idea, a generalization in regard to human conduct. Mr. David Pinski's "The Treasure" is, the translator tells us, "the first play of the modern Jewish theatre to be offered to an English reading audience." The nature of "The Treasure" is not such as to make us wish ardently for more of these Yiddish

plays. The dialogue is painstakingly realistic, to the point of dulness; and in proportion to the action there is a great deal too much of it. The chief characters are the family of a Jewish grave-digger in a town within the Russian Pale. The life represented is sordid and unattractive; yet the philosophy of the play is really hopeful. The central idea (emphasized by a sort of epilogue spoken by the dead) is that the desire for money is not altogether base, but is really a form of aspiration after greater freedom and a fuller life. Judke, the half-witted and epileptic son of the grave-digger Chone, discovers when he buries his dog a number of gold coins; and bringing them home gives them to his sister Tille, a girl who is starving for pleasure. She goes out and spends most of the money for fine clothes and gewgaws. The rumor of the treasure trove spreads rapidly, and Chone and his family become at once the objects of attention from marriage brokers, synagogue authorities, and representatives of Jewish charitable societies. The old people are driven nearly crazy by these visitations, and at last Chone tries to get rid of his new friends by telling them the exact truth. The result is that the whole Jewish community invades the cemetery, hoping to find the rest of the treasure. Judke at last remembers the place where the dog was buried, on the grave of a distinguished rabbi; but further digging results only in the mutilation of the rabbi's corpse, and in the finding of four more golden coins. After the cemetery is deserted, the dead rise from the tombs to point the moral. As a detailed picture of the wretchedness of Jewish poverty within the Pale, the play has value. But its wordiness, endless repetition, and gray monotony of tone make it dull reading.

A much better play is M. Paul Hervieu's "The Trail of the Torch," first produced in 1901, and now translated for the "Drama League Series." The theme is the willing self-sacrifice of the older generation to their children. The torch represents the joy of life, handed on by each generation to the next as in the festival of the torch race at Athens. Says the heroine to a friend in the first act, speaking of another friend: "She has ceased to have any personal existence. She no longer cares to have anything of her own; everything belongs to her daughter, and her husband works his fingers to the bone to pay for Beatrice's dresses, while Beatrice lords it over both of them in a way that is beginning to be just a trifle odious." Her friend replies: "I'm afraid I don't agree with you, Madame. With naively natural beings like these, I enjoy watching the family wheels function with such simplicity. People of this kind conform to the law which begins by demanding of the mother . . often her beauty, her health, and if need be, her life, for the formation of her child. And then, for the profit of the newer generation, Nature exerts herself to despoil the old. She exacts without stint from the parents . . all of their vital forces to equip, arm, and decorate their sons and daughters." The heroine, who is devoted to her mother as well as to her daughter, stoutly combats this theory, but her own later conduct illustrates it. First she sacrifices to her daughter the prospect of a happy marriage of her own, and for this her daughter afterward reproaches her. Later, compelled by an unusual combination of circumstances to choose between risking her mother's life and risking her daughter's, she makes the inevitable choice, only to find after her mother's death that she holds a distinctly second place in her daughter's affections. The play is not only well constructed, indeed almost perfect in its logical plan, but thoughtful and suggestive. The characters are admirably drawn; yet for some reason even the heroine does not evoke our keen sympathy. She lacks sympathetic imagination. This, of course, is her "tragic weakness," and is so intended by the dramatist; but it is not an amiable weakness, and this fact hurts the play.

With less philosophical interest than these two plays, "Garside's Career" makes a much stronger human appeal than either of them. It clearly belongs to the "realism of the centre" group; it has no proposition to prove or illustrate, and its wholesome solid humanity makes the surface cleverness of such a play as "A Woman's Way" seem cheap and trashy enough. Though not a work of genius, it is an honest and intelligent study of live people. Peter Garside is a young Socialist workman, who, encouraged by his mother and by his school-teacher sweetheart Margaret Shaweross, works his way through college,—apparently a rather rare achievement in England. He is a clever speaker, and against the advice of Margaret, who knows his weakness, he accepts an invitation to stand for Parliament as the Labor candidate. He is elected, and his head is turned by his success. He neglects his Parliamentary duties to make fiery speeches all over the kingdom. Having quarrelled with Margaret, he falls in love with the daughter of a Tory manufacturer, who is amused and rather flattered by his attentions, and somewhat impressed by his Napoleonic self-con-

fidence. His constituents find him out and force his resignation, and his career comes to a sudden end. In a most amusing scene, Margaret cures him of playing the martyred man of genius. All the characters are vigorously drawn, and the play has excellent acting qualities.

Finally, we have to consider two plays by Mr. St. John G. Ervine, which reach a higher level than any others discussed in this review. Mr. Ervine is by all odds the strongest of the "new" men who have published plays within the past year. Before "Jane Clegg," he had to his credit a couple of novels, a volume of short stories, and four Irish plays, which have just been published in this country and will be noticed in a later review in THE DIAL. Mr. Ervine writes for the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and it is natural to compare him first with the earlier successful playwrights of that theatre. It is not too much to say that as a dramatist he easily surpasses them all. Mr. Yeats is of course primarily a poet, not a dramatist. Synge at his best is superior to Mr. Ervine in sheer imaginative power; but a large part of his work is tainted with a kind of insanity, and he has nothing like Mr. Ervine's firm grasp of reality. Lady Gregory is often charming, but nearly always wordy; all her best work is in the one-act form, and in comparison with Mr. Ervine's it appears superficial. It is noteworthy that Mr. Ervine has escaped or thrown off most of the mannerisms of the Irish school, and that he is not, like the others, narrowly national. The scene and characters of "Jane Clegg" are English; that of the other plays are Northern Irish. To find his match, we must turn to the real masters of the new English drama,—to Galsworthy and Masefield.

Both of Mr. Ervine's plays are *par excellence* realism of the centre; and both are tragedies of humble life. Jane Clegg is a woman of strong character and intelligence, married to a weak, unfaithful, and dishonorable man. She has two children; and having received a small legacy from an aunt, is keeping the money for their education, though her husband, Henry, has tried in every way to wheedle or force her to give it up. Henry, a travelling man who earns good wages, is in trouble because of debt to a "bookie," and because his kept mistress expects a child. He yields to a temptation thrown in his way by accident to appropriate a sum of money due to his employers, his intention being to run away with his mistress to Canada. But the theft is discovered too soon, and his wife undertakes to make good the loss. He tells her that he took the money to pay certain gambling and other debts. When she learns that the gambling debts are unpaid and the others fictitious, and that Henry has been steadily unfaithful to her, she pays his debts and sends him away to his mistress. His character comes out admirably in his parting request to her,— to take care of his old and irritable mother, who is certain to spend the rest of her life in blaming Jane for Henry's downfall. Such a sketch of the action can give little idea of the power in the play. Jane Clegg, for all her sordid associations, is a tragic figure; and Henry and Mrs. Clegg are portrayed with the keenest insight and with rare dramatic economy.

"John Ferguson," the later of the two plays, is the tragedy of a small farmer in Ulster, deeply and sincerely religious. In old age and sickness, John is threatened with eviction from his home through foreclosure of a mortgage held by the brutal and grasping banker, Henry Witherow. He has written for help to his prosperous brother in America, but has received no reply. The only hope is that his daughter Hannah may consent to marry James Caesar, a middle-aged grocer who has been ill-treated by Witherow and hates him. Caesar promises to pay off the mortgage if Hannah will have him. To please her father she consents; but soon finds that she cannot endure the thought of the marriage. She is sent to Witherow to inform him that the debt cannot be paid. He violates her; and the vengeance vainly threatened by her coward lover is carried out by her brother Andrew. Meantime, the expected letter from America comes, with the money to pay off the mortgage. After a struggle first with his own conscience and then with his parents, Andrew gives himself up to justice, and Hannah goes with him to give him comfort. The old people are left alone,— John Ferguson with his profound faith unshaken, and reading in his sorrow the story of David and Absalom. The central figure is always the patriarchal John; his is the suffering and the faith of Job, without Job's reward. His part is less tragic, in the strict sense of the word, than Jane Clegg's, for he does not struggle, he only endures. And the characters are on the whole less sharply individualized than in the earlier play. Yet "John Ferguson" makes a deeper appeal to the imagination, through its fine unity of tone, its noble simplicity, and its profound pathos. Never, I believe, have the tragedies of everyday life been presented in dramatic form more truthfully or more poignantly than in these plays.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Recent Fiction.*

Imagination, I suppose, is the main thing in Mr. Jack London's work,— the complete filling out of an idea, the development of it, the application to every detail, the following out in every direction, and the whole held in mind securely enough for him to describe it and write it down. It does not seem to matter to him whether he is thinking about the relapse of civilization into barbarism, about the reincarnation of a single soul in many forms, about the down-and-outs of the world, about a mutiny on board a tramp steamship, about prehistoric men and women, about how he used to drink, or indeed what it is. The main point is that if he thinks of it at all, he thinks it out. This, I should say, was imaginative, whether he happen to think of one thing or another. It is not really more imaginative to construct a new civilization than to reconstruct an old one. You must have materials and use them, but the manner of use seems to be the main thing. "The Little Lady of the Big House" is, then, quite as imaginative a piece of work as "The Star Rover" or "The Red Plague," and we can form a better judgment of it than we can of those works because we have more idea of the circumstances, and therefore can get some notion of how well the imagination works.

Dick Forrest, with whom the book begins, is an example of absolutely perfect efficiency,— the sort of man who has every gift and possession that can be imagined, who does every thing that any one can think of with the most absolute ease and simplicity because he has arranged beforehand exactly how he can do it easily and simply; who lives, in fact, the most wonderfully perfect life that can be thought of. He was a millionaire by inheritance, but early in life understood that it was best to have a wider experience than millionaires generally have, and therefore became a hobo for a time. He became an administrator; but having broad tastes, he used his powers to manage a great estate with regard not only to the development of its material resources but also to the arranging of the social side in quite as effective a manner. From the moment he wakes in the morning to the last instant of consciousness in the evening, everything goes right. He is a genius at perfection,— a sort of god in his own self-invented machine, a master of specialists who do everything they undertake in the very best way.

It is hard enough for anyone to imagine even that such a thing is possible. It appears to be easy for Mr. London to imagine not only that it is possible but exactly how it is possible. If he had such an estate himself, he could hardly be more detailed. He obliterates the old distinction between theory and practice, which rises from the fact that the theorist is generally too lazy to think out details or otherwise unable to do so. Mr. London is neither lazy nor unable. He delights in detail, and spends almost half the book in telling what happened in a day.

All this is exciting and exhilarating at first, but in course of time (like all sorts of other things excellent in themselves) it becomes rather tedious. Hence, along in the afternoon Mr. Evan Graham enters the story. His function and purpose may be imagined when we add that in all the efficient perfection of the Big House there was one little rift which (one will perhaps guess) arises from the existence of the Little Lady in it. Dick Forrest and his wife are devotedly attached; but it will probably be remarked at once that when Mrs. Forrest comes from her own patio to her husband's office at about eleven in the morning he pressed her closely to his side, "kissed her, but with insistent fore-finger maintained his place in the pages of the pamphlet" about hog-cholera.

Perhaps it is not necessary to tell more of the book, or to explain further why it is not more interesting. For interesting it certainly is not, after the first few pages. Perhaps that is because it is not credible that a man who knows so much about running a stock-farm should be satisfied with anything but the stock-farm itself. If he is satisfied with writing about it, we feel that there must be something impracticable about his imagination. If it will not work we do not believe in it, and if we do not believe in it (for the moment) we do not care for it. A sad but real paradox of the artistic life!

An equally imposing work of the imagination is Mr. Harré's "Behold the Woman!" Like Mr. London, Mr. Harré gives us all the details; where he gets them one can hardly conceive, but there they are. Whatever is in the book is there in immense detail. If there are purveyors of food, they have "bread, millet cakes, cheeses, dried mutton, fruits, peaches, Shami apples, Sultani citrons, oranges, almonds, figs, and resin-covered skins of wine." If there are jewels in a coffer they are "necklaces of rubies, emeralds, and peach-colored pearls; wristbands and armhoops of

* The Little Lady of the Big House. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Behold the Woman! By T. Everett Harré. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Alice Devine. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

beryl, jade, chalcedony, coral, and chrysolite; apodesmes of agate, lapis lazuli, and topaz; girdles of strung sapphires and carved turquoises; anklets dangling with onyx, jasper, and jacinth; brooches set with great amethysts, carbuncles, and opals; ear-rings, curiously carved, representing winged creatures, studded with a myriad tiny gems, and serpentine, triple-horned, and crescent-shaped, ruby and diamond diadems." When Mary comes from her bath, her toilet assumes the character of a dramatic panorama: she murmurs praises of her beauty while her negro slaves chant responsive rhapsodies; she continues her rhythmical purlings while her slaves scrape her with a strigil and rub her with essence of saffron flowers and jasmine; she sings her own charms while the black women paint her lips and her breasts, burnish her finger-nails, scent her body, and do other things. Every noun becomes a page, and every sentence a chapter.

Mr. Harré has taken for his subject one of the most remarkable things that happen,— the passing of a soul from darkness to light, from insatiable desire to peace, from evil to good. But the remarkable element in this remarkable happening is (to my mind, at least) something that not only does not need elaboration of a quantitative character but that will not endure it. One of the best known and most effective accounts of such a happening is also one of the simplest,— namely, that given in the seventh chapter of Luke, to which Mr. Harré alludes, the story of the woman that was a sinner and how she came to sin no more. It seems impossible that anyone who has read that account could imagine that it would be made more effective, or nearly as effective, by elaboration of detail.

Such stories are often told by those who know most about them,— namely, the persons who have themselves passed through the experience which is being told of. And it may often be noted that when such tellers make a mistake (and they often do) it is likely to be because they tell us too much of the evil from which they have been rescued, and more rarely by saying too much of the good that they have attained. Few are able to say much, and none too much, of the thing of most importance,— the wonderful change itself which they feel has taken place within them. That is almost always a thing still wonderful to themselves, such that by no effort can they say much of anything about it. If we understand the little they can say, it is generally because we grasp by sympathy, perhaps by real fellow-feeling, what it is that they are trying to describe to us.

For some such reason as this (if for no other) does Mr. Harré seem to me to labor in vain in his elaboration of the circumstances of Mary's life as a courtesan. Mr. Harré feels that some who read his story will find what may seem shocking, brutal, wanton, and terrible; and he points out that his book is not written for children, but for men, and the mothers and wives of men. Probably there is a good deal in the book which may shock even mothers and wives; but that does not seem anything very exceptional in current fiction, and the only question that would arise in most minds is whether they are shocked to any good purpose.

Frankly, I do not think they are. I cannot see any more good in the elaborate details of Mary's life in Alexandria than in M. Pierre Louys's earlier imaginations of the same thing,— unless it be good to give such a confused notion of the whole thing that no one can really have any idea at all. Mr. Harré is doubtless serious, and it is only right to meet him on his own ground. "In Mary, the powerful Alexandrian courtesan," he writes, "whose beauty in its day was truly the glory of Egypt, is represented the eternal struggle of womankind over man's age-long injustice and exploitation,— a struggle today finding its expression among those clear-visioned and valiant women who are demanding their right to equal place with men in the affairs of the nations." Had he not so written, I feel that few would have caught his idea. The actual impression of his book cannot be either of the eternal struggle of womankind or, as it seems to offer itself, of the eternal salvation of one woman, or of anything actually happening or ever having happened in the world. His detailed imagination meets the same fate as Mr. Jack London's. It lacks the touch of life,— the only thing which makes us do the imagining ourselves.

It is a relief to turn from such elaborated realism to the frank impossibilities of Mr. Edgar Jepson's "Alice Devine." Indeed, it may not be an impossibility that Lord Garthoyle, who had only five thousand pounds as an income, should inherit from his uncle twenty-five thousand pounds a year more on condition that he would act as his own agent in looking after the houses in Garthoyle Gardens. There seems no valid reason why such things should not be. And granted this fundamental, everything becomes easy, and very much funnier than the normal mind would suppose it would be. Mr. Jepson's imagination is of a different kind from Mr. London's or Mr. Harré's. Somehow, when you once

imagine an impossibility (I cannot get it out of my head that the house-agent idea is impossible) you can suggest all kinds of things that are not only very possible but that seem quite probable, while if you begin on a real historic fact it seems as though every elaboration became not only less suggestive but more impossible.

Whether that is so or not, I read with equanimity and pleasure of J. Quintus Scruton, gum-millionaire from New Zealand, who occupied No. 9 Garthoyle Gardens and paid no rent because he arranged that Mr. Garthoyle should think his house haunted, and how the new house-agent visited the house and interviewed the ghost. Then the new house-agent, being this time Lord Garthoyle in his automobile, fell in with half-a-dozen children and a young lady who was playing with them, and took them all for a ride in the country, where they disclosed the fact that they were anarchists while he talked with the young lady, who reminded him strangely of the ghost whom he had interviewed shortly before. And so on with the rest of the book. Perfectly absurd each adventure, of course, — the strange marks on the house that were thought to be messages from more anarchists, the empty house full of snakes that at the proper moment came out of their basket and bit their wicked owner. Quite absurd, and fit only for the tired business man; and yet on such a framework Mr. Jepson manages to give more sense of actuality than in the piled-up and thorough-paced facts which we so often meet with elsewhere. I prefer another kind still,— the story that comes so direct from a keen sense of the reality of something that it carries with it still the sense of an actuality that gives us for the time the illusion of dealing with real people and things, and leaves us with the same sort of impression that we really have from people and things. But such stories are rare just at present.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Adjustment to life in past ages.

Amidst the present ringing on the anvils of material events and the daily readjustment of *things*, it becomes the part of wise people occasionally to turn to the past and the great leaders of the past, stopping the ears to the din of the present and trying to catch the fundamental chord of Eternity. This has been the purpose of Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor in his recent book, "Deliverance" (Macmillan). Out of a rich and fertile erudition, the author recalls "those individuals who most clearly illustrate phases of human adjustment with life, its limitations, aspirations, and conceived determining powers, working within or from without." He remembers that "the needs of men are not the same universally; and the human adjustment may relate to conduct or to speculation, to distress at life's chain of torment, or to fear of extinction; it may relate to the impulse to speculate and know, or to the need to be 'saved.'" The choice of these classic human adjustors is perforce somewhat conventional, but it is catholic in its breadth and wide in its sympathy and interpretation. Beginning with the early gropings in Chaldæa and Egypt, the author treats succinctly China's messages of duty and detachment from the mouths of Confucius and Lâo-tsze; the Indian solution by annihilation of individuality in the Upanishads and in the Paths of Gotama; the fiery militant adjustment to Mazda by Zarathushtra, the Prophet of Iran; the progressive revelations of the prophets of Israel in their efforts to adjust themselves to the growing conception of Yahweh, and especially the growth of individual conscience out of the earlier national conscience. (In America we shall need to reverse this latter process.) Then follow a charming account of the heroic adjustment by courage and fortitude as seen in the heroes of Homer, and a remarkably adequate discussion, for such brief compass, of the clear-eyed wisdom of the Greek philosophers. Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Heraclitus, Democritus, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle pass before us in coherent glimpses, the adjustment rising in the last three to "the sublimest satisfaction of consummate intellectual appetition." Next comes the confused welter of the later Græco-Roman world, where Mithra and Osiris, Lucretius and the Stoics, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius pave the way for what the author regards in some respects as the final adjustment,— that of Jesus in establishing the filial relation between God and man. Following this are clear presentations of Paul and Augustine, in the latter especially the expediential adjustment of the Early Christian Church in the Western World becoming evident. Here the author ends; he does not attempt to follow the spirit of man in its complex strivings through the last millenium and a half. Indeed, in this little book of fewer than three hundred pages he has accomplished marvels in the way of compression. In general, the effect of the study is cumulative toward Christianity, which is presented as the final religious adjustment. Yet the very last word is, like the charactertistic religious utterances of our time, a question rather than an answer: "Less rapturous, more analytic, tempers also may conclude that only infinite life is suited to eternity: not man, but God."

More about Oscar Wilde.

Lord Alfred Douglas once said publicly of Mr. Robert H. Sherard: "He writes books on Oscar Wilde. He is always writing books on Oscar Wilde. He does nothing else. It is, I believe, his sole source of income." This statement is quoted with amusing frankness by Mr. Sherard in the foreword to his latest study of his favorite topic, the book

being entitled "The Real Oscar Wilde" (McKay) and serving as a supplement (of 431 pages) to his well-known biography of Wilde which was issued ten years ago. The two portly volumes together ought to satisfy almost any lover of the brilliant but ill-fated apostle of æstheticism. Of course the "real" Wilde as portrayed in this second book can be no other than the writer's admired friend whom the first work has already quite fully presented. Additional incidents and anecdotes are offered in abundance in the book's twenty-six generously illustrated chapters. We learn for instance, in illustration of Wilde's talent for making enemies by his mordant sayings, that one of his most mischievous enemies was "an actor whom he had criticised for appearing in a New York drawing-room wearing his gloves during an afternoon call." The author observes in another connection: "In forty-six years from now the world won't be troubling about how a poet squabbled in the last century with the second son of an eighth marquess; it will have other tremendous problems to face." Has it not even now too many such problems to afford much time for reading the details, minutely personal in large part, so industriously brought together in this book? Nevertheless, to Wilde enthusiasts the work will strongly appeal.

A Carlylean disciple on the war.

An attack of giddiness or vertigo is likely to be the result of any attempt to plough through the pages of Mr. Marshall Kelly's "Carlyle and the War" (Open Court Co.). "The conclusion," says the author, "will be written if at all, after the war is over." We beg him to forbear,— unless in the interval, be it long or short, he has learned to use intelligible language. Imitating the styles of such authors as Browning, Meredith, and Carlyle has been a favorite form of amusement among writers with a taste for parody, and when offered in small doses this sort of thing is not without interest. But to have a book of considerable length written in a conscious or unconscious imitation of the inimitable dialect of Carlyle is intolerable, and the more so in direct proportion to the reader's reverence for that great nineteenth century prophet. How the author has succeeded in maintaining throughout the jump, the hop, the hiatus, and the limp that form this wild caricature of Carlyle's writing, passes an ordinary man's comprehension. The result has been the spoiling of what might otherwise have been a useful book. The general point of view from which the author surveys the world-tragedy of to-day is one that requires emphasis among English-speaking peoples. Every reasonable thinker should be willing, whatever his natural pre-dispositions may be, to listen patiently to a frankly pro-German writer, and to make allowance for such explosive language as the due expression of sympathies may require. But when one's literary sense is nauseated at the very start by a jargon that is neither good Carlylese nor readable English the arguments of the writer are likely to be rejected along with the disagreeable medium in which they are conveyed. Apart, however, from this almost insuperable obstacle to a full understanding of Mr. Kelly's opinions, we venture to join issue with him in what we do seem to understand,— his argument that because of Carlyle's devotion to German genius and German literature his general attitude towards the part that country has played from the day when Belgium was first outraged would have differed from that of the average Englishman of to-day. It is surely unnecessary to remind Mr. Kelly that the Germany represented by Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, Richter, and Kant is not the Germany of Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi, and the Kaiser. In imagination we see the shade of Carlyle protesting in indignation against not only the caricaturing of his chosen medium of expression, but against the assumption that his love for those great souls who owed their birth to Germany must necessarily commit him to a blind support of that country, right or wrong.

In Eastern lands of enchantment.

In more than one masterpiece of rhythm and romance — for example, Pierre Loti's "Vers Ispahan"— Persia and Turkestan are portrayed as regions of enchantment. Presumably on that account, and also because, even in these days of dauntless globe-trotting, very few Europeans or Americans ever penetrate to Kashan or Samarkand, the prevailing conception of these lands is somewhat rose-colored. At all events, a recent visitor, Mr. Benjamin Burges Moore, gives in his book, "From Moscow to the Persian Gulf" (Putnam), a report which quite belies the current impression. The three-months' journey whose events and gleanings are recorded in the volume led the author by sail from Moscow to Tashkent, Samarkand, Merv, and Askhabad; thence by carriage and camel-train to Mashad, Kashan, and finally Bushire on the Persian Gulf; and thence by boat to Maseat and Karachi on the Indian frontier. The record of the trip is set down in diary form, and from first to last it makes an interesting recital. There is forced upon the reader, however, the feeling that Mr. Moore's view-point has been largely that of the vexed tourist, and that he has been more impressed by the lack of means of comfortable travel than by the ancient habits and the historic places that fell under his eye. It is true that he professes merely to have "noted a traveller's passing impressions as accurately as possible, not pretending to judge a historic race by the observation of a single visit." But the candid admission can hardly atone for the prevailing superficiality of view and for the deficient historic and artistic interest displayed throughout the book. The photographs in which the volume abounds are generally excellent.

A war-clouded outlook on life.

In the enforced idleness of invalidism incurred in the war, Mr. Shane Leslie, a brilliant young Irishman, an Eton and Cambridge graduate, has indulged in sundry reflections and reminiscences, which are offered in book form to the reading public. "The End of a Chapter" (Scribner) is thus entitled because its writer imagines himself to have "witnessed the suicide of the civilization called Chris-

tian and the travail of a new era to which no gods have been as yet rash enough to give their name." He briefly reviews his "links with the past," his descent from "the Fighting Bishop," John Leslie, through the latter's great-grandson's grandson, Sir John Leslie, also a militant character; he gives us glimpses of life at Eton and Cambridge, a short chapter on the Hanoverian dynasty, one on the religion of England, another on English politicians, and a well-informed one on Ireland, the land of his birth; and finally, after a glance at the good old England of sport and freedom, he pictures "society in decay" and the manifestations of a decadent "post-Victorianism." The call to arms he regards as a piece of good fortune. "In a moment of time all the troubles and worries and threatenings of politics became ante-diluvian, and the nation stepped down to do battle with the cleansing flood!" He has certainly earned in the smoke and heat of battle the right to glorify war if he still thinks it glorious.

The Southern attitude in the Civil War.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the downfall of the Confederacy there comes from the Johns Hopkins Press "The Creed of the Old South" by Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve, the loved and honored professor of the classics in Johns Hopkins University. The little book contains two essays: one from which the book takes its title; the other entitled "A Southerner in the Peloponnesian War." The first essay was printed in "The Atlantic Monthly" in 1892; the other one in the same periodical in 1897. Dr. Gildersleeve offers these essays not as a history of the Civil War or as an account of his own experiences, but rather as an interpretation of the feelings and actions of one Confederate soldier who, perhaps, was representative of many others. "I am trying," he says, "to make others understand, and to understand myself, what it was to accept with a whole heart the 'creed of the old south.'" The title essay undertakes to explain the Southerner's attitude toward the issues which resulted in the Civil War: the South was fighting for civil liberty, not to perpetuate human slavery; fighting for love of state — a form of patriotism closely allied to love of home and not incompatible with attachment to the Union; fighting against submission to encroachment which to them meant slavery. As to slavery, most of the Southern people had no theory about it, though the abolitionist was looked upon rather as an enemy to society than as a friend to the negro. Whether opposed to or in favor of secession, the Confederate soldier went with a clear conscience into the war. In the second essay Dr. Gildersleeve, who went from teaching Greek to the Confederate Army and back from Lee and Early to Aristophanes and Thucydides, traces the similarities of the two conflicts. There were really no new issues in the Civil War, he thinks. Nearly all of them can be found in the Peloponnesian War, and many of them in every war; the basis of each war lies in selfish hatred and much misunderstanding. Full of classical allusion and historical parallel, of ripe philosophy and sympathetic understanding, these essays by a scholar, teacher, and soldier form one of the best expositions of the Creed of the Old South.

An English Orderly at St. Helena.

The zeal with which English writers pursue the memory of Sir Hudson Lowe and bewail the lot of his illustrious prisoner offers the happiest assurances of their attitude toward their present great enemy once he has vanished from earth. The latest evidence of this sort is a volume of "Letters of Captain Engelbert Lutyens" (Lane), edited by Sir Lees Knowles. Captain Lutyens was Orderly Officer at Longwood from February 10, 1820, until three weeks before the death of Napoleon, which occurred May 5, 1821. He lost his position on account of a dispute over Coxe's Life of Marlborough, which Napoleon presented to the library of the 20th Regiment, and which Lowe ordered to be returned because it bore "the Imperial name on the title page." The long strain upon Lowe's temperament had evidently become too great, and his common sense had also given way. This affair was simply petty; but it seems that Lowe required Lutyens to obtain ocular evidence every day of Napoleon's presence even if it became necessary to force his way into the sickroom. It is to the officer's credit that he disliked the task of "peeping." Captain Lutyens's letters contain little beyond the reports that Napoleon was seen here or there about Longwood. In one of the appendices are letters from a young English sergeant to his mother explaining how the dead emperor looked and what impressions the spectacle of fallen greatness made upon him. The make-up of the volume will enhance its value to collectors of Napoleonic material. The illustrations are remarkable for the skill and beauty with which miniatures and colored prints are reproduced. The view of St. Helena from the sea is especially noteworthy.

Argentina and its people.

Discriminating readers have often observed that the bulk of recent works on South America tend to fall into two classes: either they are the books of distinguished visitors who, travelling in a more or less official capacity, have been taken in hand by the various governments, royally entertained, and shown only such things as these governments wish to be seen; or else they merely embody a mass of superficial observations made during a flying visit. In "The Real Argentine" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Mr. J. A. Hammerton has contrived to avoid both these extremes. A lengthy sojourn in Argentina, without any hampering official connections, afforded him an opportunity for an impartial and open-minded study of the country and its people. The picture which he draws of Argentina, particularly Buenos Aires, is far from flattering. In his desire to give an unvarnished and accurate account of what he saw, he lays the colors on too darkly. His first impressions of the capital are distinctly unfavorable. He has much to say about the narrow and crowded streets, the incivility of the Argentines, the exorbitant cost of living, and particularly the tawdry and unstable character of the

public buildings. Buenos Aires is in his judgment merely "a magnificent city of shams," a sort of grotesque replica of Paris in which stucco takes the place of marble and plaster that of granite. On every hand he finds evidence of a sordid spirit of utilitarianism which leaves little opportunity for the cultivation of the finer side of life. To be sure, a longer sojourn in the country has led the author to revise somewhat these first impressions. By dint of searching he finds evidence that there is a reaching out for better things. "Alongside the sheer brutality, unhappily still existing, the tender plant of intellectual culture has been growing, and with it true humanitarianism must make progress." But the reader searches in vain in this volume for a satisfactory interpretation of those spiritual and cultural forces which are slowly bringing Argentina into the vanguard of great nations. This over-emphasis on the somewhat seamy side of the material development of the country is the chief defect of this cleverly written and entertaining book.

A famous editor of a famous journal.

Why it did not occur to the contemporary wits to call the awe-inspiring editor of the "Thunderer," J. T. Delane, by the classical nickname "Jupiter Tonans," which his initials and his commanding position might so easily have suggested, no historian seems to have explained. With this belated suggestion of an appropriate sobriquet, we turn to a brief consideration of his latest biography, entitled "Delane of The Times," by Sir Edward Cook. It must be by a sort of poetic justice that to the British Censor-in-Chief falls the task of writing the life of one who notoriously defied all censorship. The book, compactly inclusive of the main facts as already presented in Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent's two-volume biography of Delane, which was reviewed at some length in these pages at the time of its appearance eight years ago, forms the initial number of a series to be known as "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" (Holt), edited by Mr. Basil Williams. Other authorities contributory to the fulness and accuracy of Sir Edward Cook's study of this prince of editors are duly enumerated in the appended Bibliography, after which follows a Chronological Table, and then a good index. A frontispiece reproduction of the National Portrait Gallery painting by Schiött conveys a good impression of the masterly quality in Delane's face and bearing.

BRIEFER MENTION.

New and cheaper editions of Professor Brander Matthews's critical studies, "Molière: His Life and His Works" and "Shakspere as a Playwright," bear further testimony to their usefulness and soundness of scholarship, as indicated in these columns when the volumes first appeared. Messrs. Scribner are the publishers.

Belgian belfries, recently the object of imminent peril and tragic interest, have always held a particular fascination for many writers and tourists. In "The Carillon in Literature" (Lane), Mr. William Gorham Rice supplements his earlier study on "Carillons of Belgium and Holland" with an interesting collection of prose and verse from various authors who have immortalized the "magic numbers" of the bells. Rossetti, Thackeray, Victor Hugo, Stevenson, Longfellow, Rodenbach, and Edward Dowden are represented.

Miss Ethel Stephens, of the Library School of the University of Wisconsin, has prepared a 32-page bibliography of "American Popular Magazines," which is published by the Boston Book Company. Periodical articles about our best-known magazines, about writing for the magazines, and on other kindred subjects, furnish the greater number of entries, with occasional references to books. The term "magazine" is made so inclusive as to embrace other than monthly publications, as for instance "The Nation" and THE DIAL. Exhaustiveness is not claimed for this modest bibliography, but it is a useful work in a field comparatively uncultivated by the bibliographer.

Though announced on its wrapper as "a new book by Woodrow Wilson," the short treatise "On Being Human" (Harper) was in fact published nineteen years ago in "The Atlantic Monthly." It is, however, new in book form, and so the present publisher's assertion is in a literal sense true. The essay is worthy of its more permanent shape, for at any time it serves as a useful reminder that "to be human is, for one thing, to speak and act with a certain note of genuineness, a quality mixed of spontaneity and intelligence. This is necessary for wholesome life in any age, but particularly amidst confused affairs and shifting standards." Even more now than on its original appearance are the calm, wise counsels of the brief treatise needed by the public whom the author addresses.

The general purpose and scope of Dr. Liberty H. Bailey's "Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture" (Macmillan) were stated fully in connection with the appearance of the first volume (see THE DIAL of August 16, 1914). Volume IV has now appeared, and two more volumes will complete this important work. The new volume begins with "Labels" and ends with "Oxytropis." As usual, each important subject is presented by some specialist. In addition to the plant descriptions and accounts of cultural methods, the more extensive general articles are those dealing with landscape gardening, light, machinery, marketing, nomenclature, horticulture in North American states, nut culture, orange culture, and orchid culture. The colored plates of the volume are especially attractive.

The sixteen miscellaneous pieces, chiefly literary and critical, brought together in Mr. Arthur Waugh's "Reticence in Literature, and Other Papers" (Dutton) furnish much good reading on subjects of more than transient interest. They are described by the author as "covering twenty-five years of journalistic 'dust and desk-work,'" and they treat of reticence in writing, as the title indicates, of the abuse of the superlative, nineteenth-century fiction, some movements in Victorian poetry, the mood and the book, anthologies, a

number of English poets and prose-writers, chiefly of the last century, and a few other subjects. In asserting that "reticence is not a national characteristic — far otherwise," the author invites contradiction. In the expression of emotion the Englishman has the reputation, deservedly, of being commendably reticent, which is not incompatible with honesty and frankness, qualities that Mr. Waugh ascribes to his fellow-countrymen. "The Englishman has always prided himself upon his frankness," he declares. Both the enthusiasm of youth and the calm judgment of maturer years are exemplified in this quarter-century's harvest of a literary critic's occasional productions.

In "The Masterpieces of Modern Drama" (Doubleday), edited by Mr. John Alexander Pierce under the supervision of Professor Brander Matthews, are contained some of the best modern plays — English, Continental, and American,— abridged in narrative form with textual reproduction of the great scenes. In the Introduction to the two volumes, Professor Matthews refers to this editorial plan as "an ingenious and enticing compromise between the unadorned dialogue of the stage play and the unbroken narrative of prose-fiction." Some readers may agree with him. Others will feel that they are missing half the fun by accepting an abridged version of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "You Never Can Tell," or that they would take a long chance on trusting their own intelligence, without editor's exposition and comment, in reading and fully understanding a play like "The Return of Peter Grimm."

Professor Tucker Brooke's edition of "Common Conditions," from the recently discovered quarto owned by the Elizabethan Club of Yale University, is something of a "scoop" in the field of Middle English literature. Hitherto only the Chatsworth copy was thought to be extant. The new text is of an earlier edition, is less of a fragment, and revolutionizes completely prior impressions of the play by overthrowing the conventional happy ending which has been hitherto assumed. The editor whimsically suggests that we may have to wait another three hundred years before we really know if Lamphedon died of the poison or if Clarisia quaffed the cup. But what are three hundred years in the world of scholarship? In his treatment of the new text, in the comparative study of the two manuscripts, in the Introduction and the carefully prepared appendixes and notes, Professor Brooke throughout reveals the true scholar's enthusiasm and love for his task. (Yale University Press.)

In commemoration of the life and work of Francis Asbury, first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, sent hither by Wesley in 1771, there appears in this centennial year of Asbury's death a well-written volume about him, "Francis Asbury, the Prophet of the Long Road" (Methodist Book Concern). It is rather an estimate of the man, as is explained by the author, Mr. Ezra Squier Tipple, than an addition to the already numerous biographies of him. In his concluding summary the author compares and contrasts Asbury with Lord Kitchener, finding that "just as Kitchener in an hour of crisis has seemed to be 'the living expression of the Will of the entire British Empire,' so Francis Asbury to his age was the Will of Jehovah and the heavenly hosts." Mr. Tipple shows a thorough knowledge of his subject, his previous work in editing selections from Asbury's journal having helped to prepare him for this more ambitious undertaking. Illustrations and facsimiles add no little to the interest of the book.

A line of type or two, or three at the most, is the space allotted to each name that appears in "A Dictionary of Universal Biography of All Ages and All Peoples" (Dutton), prepared by Mr. Albert M. Hyamson. The scope of the work is outlined in the Preface: "It is a guide to the biographies of, it may be said without exaggeration, every man or woman, not still alive, who has achieved eminence or prominence, from the dawn of history until this day [October 1, 1915] in the twentieth century on which this preface is being written. The work covers all countries and all generations. An endeavor has been made to include every one whose work or whose memory can be said to have survived until to-day, in the scheme of the undertaking." Many who use the volume will look in vain for at least one who by his work and memory merits inclusion, but this would be true of practically every similar compilation in existence. Words are successfully substituted for sentences, a few self-explanatory abbreviations are used, and the size of the volume is excellently adapted to general desk use. To have brought so much information within so comparatively narrow a compass is an achievement little short of extraordinary.

A volume which might well be taken for a model in its kind is the catalogue of "Greek, Etruscan, and Roman Bronzes in the Metropolitan Museum of Art," prepared by Dr. Gisela M. A. Richter, assistant curator of the Museum's classical section. It is quarto in form, beautifully printed by the Gillis Press of New York, and lavishly illustrated with fine half-tone reproductions of the treasures dealt with in the text. The technical processes of bronze-working in antiquity, and the origin of the ancient patina, are discussed at length in an Introduction; while the body of the work consists of concise descriptions of all the important objects in the Museum's collection. A selected bibliography and an index, both prepared with excellent judgment, are included. The collection in the Metropolitan Museum began in 1872-6, when the objects discovered in Cyprus by General di Cesnola were purchased. Twenty years later the Baxter and Frothingham collections were bought, and the late Henry G. Marquand gave twenty bronzes of exceptional importance. In 1903 the Museum authorities bought the famous chariot from Monteleone; and from 1906 onwards they have every year made one or more first-rate acquisitions. The beautiful catalogue now published is a worthy cicerone and memorial to one of the finest collections of art objects in the world.

Notes and News.

Mr. Zane Grey's forthcoming novel, to be issued this month by Messrs. Harper, is entitled "The Border Legion."

"Present-Day China," by Mr. Gardner L. Harding, being a survey of the ancient nation as it appears today, will be issued this month by the Century Co.

Mr. Granville Barker has in preparation a dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Wrong Box," which will be published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

"The Restoration of Europe" is the title of a new book by Dr. Alfred H. Fried which Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish in an English translation by Mr. Lewis Gannett.

"Benighted Mexico" by Mr. Randolph Wellford Smith, announced by the John Lane Co., is a narrative of the Mexican revolution revealing the conditions in that disintegrated land.

A complete edition of the novels of Tchekov, in eight volumes, translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett, is soon to appear. The first volume will include an Introduction by Mr. Edward Garnett.

A volume entitled "Inviting War to America," embodying Mr. Allan L. Benson's ideas on the evils of the preparedness propaganda, will be brought out immediately by Mr. B. W. Huebsch.

English translations of M. Paul Claudel's "L'Annonce Faite à Marie" and "L'Otage" will shortly come from the Yale University Press under the titles, "The Tidings Brought to Mary: A Mystery" and "The Hostage."

"Culture and War," by Professor Simon N. Patten, is a study of the differences between the German mind and the English which Mr. B. W. Huebsch announces. There is no discussion of the merits of the present war.

Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's new book, "Self-Reliance," will shortly be issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. From the same house will come "The Door of Dread" by Mr. Arthur Stringer, and a volume of verse by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson which will comprise his work written since 1914.

A volume of Clark University addresses by various American thinkers on "The Problems and Lessons of the War" is announced by Messrs. Putnam. The papers are in part devoted to the subject of preparedness in the United States and in part to certain aspects from the point of view of economics.

Among library publications of monthly or quarterly periodicity, appreciative mention should be made of such book-bulletins as that of the Providence, the Grand Rapids, the Cleveland, and the Chicago public libraries. "The Open Shelf" (Cleveland) and the "Quarterly Bulletin" (Providence) are especially well annotated.

Publication of Messrs. Holt's "Home University Library" will shortly be resumed with three new volumes, bringing the total number up to 101 volumes. The new books will be: "Dante," by Mr. J. B. Fletcher; "Poland," by Mr. W. A. Phillips, and "Political Thought in England: The Utilitarians, from Bentham to Mill," by Mr. W. L. Davidson.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn is at work upon a final Life of Thoreau — having already written two, and edited a new edition of the one written by his neighbor, Ellery Channing, first published in 1873, and which Mr. Sanborn republished in 1902. This final Life will contain one hundred pages of Thoreau's earlier writings never before published, and some interesting facts about his ancestors.

The New York State Library issues, somewhat belatedly (as is often the way with public documents), the yearly reports of its Director for 1913 and 1914, each an illustrated pamphlet of nearly one hundred pages. Since its disastrous fire of five years ago this library has been a busy institution, as indeed it was before; but the labor of rising from its ashes has been especially arduous.

Two immediately forthcoming contributions to the Shakespeare tercentenary are "Shakespeare in Italy: His Influence on Literature and the Theatre," by Mr. Lacy Collison-Morley; and "Shakespeare and his Fellows," by the Chancellor of the University of Dublin, Mr. Justice Madden, author of "The Diary of Master William Silence: A Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport."

Rev. John Haynes Holmes, who has rendered invaluable service in the peace movement in America, will publish this month through Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. a book entitled "New Wars for Old." The volume comprises a statement of the pacifist argument from the standpoints of expediency, human nature, and religion, and an exposition of the logic of force, its fallacies and the true meaning of non-resistance.

Sir Charles Waldstein has in preparation a work entitled "Aristo-democracy: From the Great War back to Moses, Christ, and Plato," including a picture of the old Germany as contrasted with the new, and a constructive plan for the avoidance of war among civilized nations in the future by the establishment of an International Tribunal, with an effective army and navy at its command to enforce its decisions.

"The Dangers of Half-Preparedness: A Plea for a Declaration of American Policy," by Mr. Norman Angell, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Putnam. The author argues that unless the ultimate purposes of our increasing power are made manifest to ourselves, the world at large, and particularly our prospective enemy, that power, however great, will fail in its object of protecting our interests and rights and ensuring peace.

The Carnegie Library School of Pittsburgh, a training school for children's librarians, issues its catalogue for the sixteenth year of its existence, showing an imposing array of names on its faculty list and staff of lecturers, an enrolment of thirty-four pupils, and a register of more than two hundred and fifty graduates, most of whom are now engaged in their chosen work in different parts of the country. Matrimony has to answer for a considerable proportion of the remainder.

"Books to Grow On," issued by the Buffalo Public Library, is a 24-page "experimental list

selected from the Open Shelf Room," compiled as "an attempt to gather the books which have proved acceptable to young people as they pass from the children's room to the adult departments." Beginning with romance and poetry and ending with prose fiction, the arrangement is by subjects and brings to view a great number of excellent books for the young in years and in heart.

The Riverside (California) Public Library issues a descriptive illustrated pamphlet concerning its summer school, its winter school, and its plan for one-year training in library service. This library is a county library as well as a city library, and serves a territory about as large as Massachusetts. It has sixty branches and stations. The next summer session of the school opens June 26 and closes August 12; the winter session will begin January 8 or 15, 1917, date not yet determined, and duration not indicated.

Sir A. W. Ward has written the first volume of a short history of "Germany, 1815-1890," shortly to be published by the Cambridge University Press in the "Cambridge Historical Series." For the second volume, which it is hoped to have ready in the course of the year, the author has secured the collaboration of Mr. H. Spenser Wilkinson, Chichele Professor of Military History in the University of Oxford, who has undertaken to write the sections dealing with the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870.

The first number will soon appear in England of a quarterly journal entitled "History," which has become the official organ of the Historical Association, edited by Professor A. F. Pollard, with the assistance of an editorial board representative of teachers in universities, secondary and primary schools, appointed by the association. One of the functions of "History" will be to act as a channel of communication between the members of the Association and between the education authorities and the general public, with regard to questions of historical education, the policy to be pursued in teaching history, and the like. It is intended also to appeal to intelligent sections of the general public.

In the list of volumes to be added during the present year to the "Loeb Classical Library" (which series, by the way, will hereafter be published in this country by Messrs. Putnam), the names of American scholars figure with unusual and gratifying prominence. Some of these names, with the classics which they are to supervise, are as follows: (In the Latin section), Professor F. J. Miller of the University of Chicago, Ovid's "Metamorphoses" and Seneca's "Tragedies"; Professor Paul Nixon of Bowdoin, a four-volume Plautus; Professor R. M. Gummere of Haverford, Seneca's "Epistles"; Professor H. R. Fairclough of Stanford, Virgil. (In the Greek section), Professor Horace L. Jones of Cornell, a nine-volume Strabo; Professor A. T. Murray of Stanford, Homer's "Odyssey"; Professor B. Perrin of Yale, continuation of a ten-volume Plutarch; Professor C. L. Brownson of the College of the City of New York, Xenophon's "Hellenica" and "Anabasis."

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

May, 1916.

Academic Distinctions. C. G. and C. B. McArthur *Scientific*
Administration, Record of the. Henry Jones Ford *Atlantic*
Americanism. Philo M. Buck, Jr. . . . . *Mid-West*
Annexation and Conquest. David S. Jordan . . *Scientific*
Antarctic Continent, Elevation of. C. C. Adams *Rev. of Revs.*
Art and Character. E. B. Andrews . . . . . *Mid-West*
Ass as Actor. The. T. S. Graves . . . . . *So. Atl.*
Bacon, Roger—II. Lynn Thorndike . . . *Am. Hist. Rev.*
Ballads, New-World. Louise Pound . . . . . *Mid-West*
Benefactors, Tyranny of. Mary W. Hoyt . . . *Hibbert*
Birds in an English Water Meadow. P. A. Bruce *So. Atl.*
Björnson as a Playwright. Robert W. Buck . . *Mid-West*
Booth, Edwin, Reminiscences of. E. M. Royle . . *Harper*
Boy, Education of the. Caspar F. Goodrich . *Rev. of Revs.*
Briand, Aristide. William P. Simms . . . *Everybody's*
Building and Loan Associations. W. O. Hedrick *Scientific*
Business, Courtesy in. Fred C. Kelly . . . . *American*
Calvinists, Political Theories of. H. D. Foster *Am. Hist. Rev.*
Champagne, French Offensive in. Captain X . . *Scribner*
Childhood, Mental Life of. H. A. Bruce . . . *Century*
Church Attendance, Rural. Washington Gladden *Everybody's*
College Woman, The: A Symposium . . . . *Bookman*
Consumers' Coöperation. Albert Sonnichsen . *Rev. of Revs.*
Continental Army, The . . . . . *Unpopular*
Coral Reefs, Study of. W. M. Davis . . . . . *Scientific*
Country-Life, Returning to. Richard Le Gallienne *Harper*
Davis, Richard Harding. Arthur B. Maurice . *Bookman*
Day's Work, The. Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker . *Bookman*
Death Valley in California. Ellsworth Huntington *Harper*
Defence, Organizing Industry for. H. E. Coffin *World's Work*
Democracy, Absolute . . . . . *Unpopular*
Democracy, Efficiency of. A. W. Douglas . *World's Work*
Depreciation Reserves. L. R. Nash . . . *Am. Econ. Rev.*
Destiny not Manifest. H. M. Chittenden . . . *Atlantic*
Drake, Alexander Wilson. C. C. Buel . . . . *Century*
Dreams, Frequency of. Carl E. Seashore . . . *Scientific*
Earth, Evolution of the. T. C. Chamberlin . . *Scientific*
Education and the State. Roland K. Wilson . . *Hibbert*
Educational Progress, Recent. Clyde Furst . . *So. Atl.*
Educational Reformers. Mrs. Clement Webb . *Hibbert*
"Efficiency" and Efficiency . . . . . *Unpopular*
England's Secret Diplomacy. H. M. Hyndman . *No. Amer.*
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[The following list, containing 103 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Life of William McKinley. By Charles S. Olcott. In 2 volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

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Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln. By Henry B. Rankin; with introduction by Joseph Fort Newton. With photogravure portraits, 8vo, 412 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

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The Conquest of Virginia: The Forest Primeval. By Conway Whittle Sams, B.L. Illustrated, large 8vo, 432 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Union Portraits. By Gamaliel Bradford. With portraits, 12mo, 330 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Les Œuvres de Guiot de Provins: Poète Lyrique et Satirique. Editées par John Orr. 8vo, 206 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co.

Studies in Seven Arts. By Arthur Symons. Revised edition; 8vo, 394 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Canoeing in the Wilderness. By Henry D. Thoreau; edited by Clifton Johnson. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 191 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans": Being Observations on "Æneid" VII, 601-817. By W. Warde Fowler. 12mo, 96 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co.

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Caliban: By the Yellow Sands. By Percy Mackaye. Illustrated, 12mo, 223 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

In the Garden of Abdullah, and Other Poems. By Adolphe Danziger. Second edition; 16mo, 128 pages. Los Angeles, Calif.: Western Authors Publishing Association.

FICTION.

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